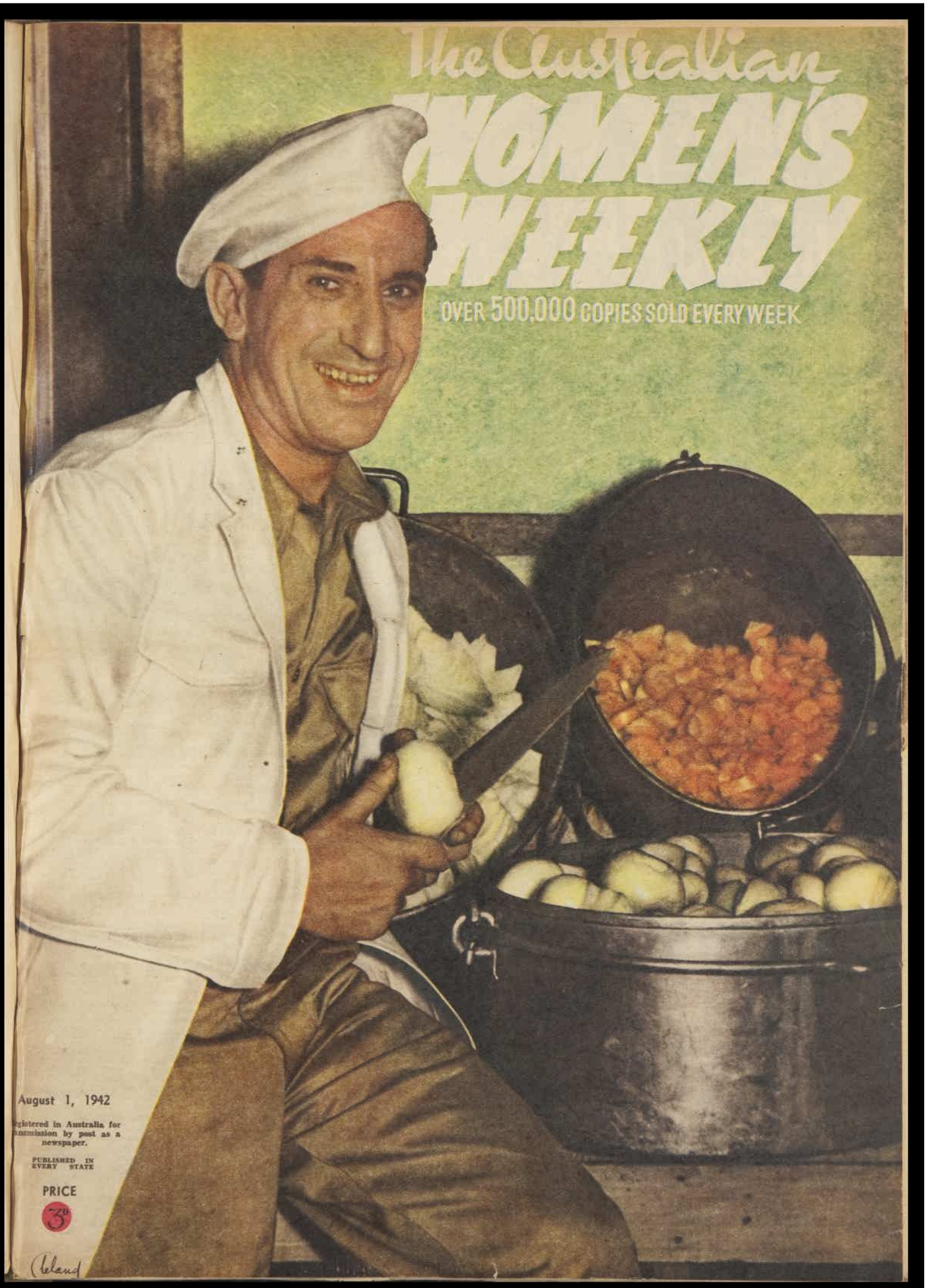

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'March On,' he said

Caught in the toils of China's war, he played unawares a vital role.

"He is very young for a general," said Mr. Fairfax, eyeing the leader of the soldiers.

By J. P. MARQUAND

THE letters which Preston J. Fairfax wrote to the Mission Bureau at home were full, always, of optimism and cheer. They told of the activities within the compound which were conducted by himself, Mrs. Fairfax, and Mr. Ma, his Chinese assistant.

In spite of having been stationed at the mission for more than forty years, Mr. Fairfax had never been able to convey to the bureau the idea that Linyuan Shien was fifty miles away from the Cheng T'ai railroad, in the bare, hilly section of Shansi Province, in the middle of the Chinese war. He never mentioned starvation and disease and sudden death.

He sat now in the main room of the mission house, writing his latest monthly letter. He liked to think of this mission sitting-room as very much like the parlor in Paterson, New Jersey. There was an open fireplace with its mantelpiece crowded with family photographs and odd mementoes from home, with a large picture of his father in a gold frame on the wall above it.

The photograph was growing yellow and faded, but the figure was still distinct—a bearded man in Confederate uniform—Major Cabell Fairfax, who served with Stonewall Jackson in the Civil War.

"It is indeed happy news," he was writing, "that the books for the Boys' Club library, so kindly contributed by those who answered our appeal, have now arrived safely at the little railroad station of Chen Wu. Colonel Horai, in command of the Japanese garrison, has taken a hospitable interest in our project. He has released the books and at the present writing they should be in the little village of Kao Li, half-way to our mission station. I wish you might have seen the happy faces of our boys when they were told of books from America."

Mr. Fairfax put down his pen, because his mind was wandering. He found himself gazing, entirely against his will, at the photograph above the fireplace.

"Preston Fairfax," he said to himself, "you are indulging yourself again."

Nevertheless, he went right on, in spite of the protests of his conscience, and opened the drawer of his writing-table, took out a red volume and adjusted his spectacles. Then he was away from China, so far away that he did not hear the parlor door open, or know that Mrs. Fairfax was standing watching him until she spoke.

"Why, Preston," she said.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, "here I am, doing it again—smoking an extra pipe and reading Henderson's 'Stonewall Jackson.'"

"Oh, Preston," Mrs. Fairfax said, "when there is *so much to do!*"

"I know, my dear," Mr. Fairfax said. "But he was not an ordinary general. He was like father. He was a very religious man."

"That's not an excuse, Preston," Mrs. Fairfax said. "You were not reading that book because he was religious. You were reading it because you like war."

"I know, my dear," he answered. "It is an inexcusable indulgence, and not a proper interest. I have been inattentive and careless."

"At a time like this," Mrs. Fairfax said, "when so many people depend on you——"

He nodded and his face brightened. Having put Henderson away, it was out of his mind. He was thinking of his letter again, and of the library for the Boys' Club.

"I can't get over thinking that the books are almost here," he said.

Mrs. Fairfax sat down without answering and began knitting.

"The older I get," he went on, "the surer I am that there is a Providence watching over everything we do. There was a Providence about the books. I felt it when I went down to the railroad to appeal to the Japanese."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Fairfax said; "so you told me."

"I can't remember sending out an appeal," he went on, "that had a more generous or ready response. They really warmed to the idea at home, and even Colonel Horai appreciated it when I told him about the Boys' Club."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Fairfax said, "you've told me all about the colonel."

"It goes to show," Mr. Fairfax said, "that even in the worst times you meet generous and understanding people. Colonel Horai forwarded those books himself to Kao Li village."

"Does that mean," Mrs. Fairfax asked, "that the Japanese are in Kao Li, Preston?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Fairfax answered, "they are still at the railroad station in Chen Wu. Colonel Horai gave the books to a foraging detachment which was calling at Kao Li."

"You don't think there will be fighting here, do you?" Mrs. Fairfax asked.

"No, dear," said Mr. Fairfax, "not fifty miles off the railroad. Why should there be?" He stopped as there was a sharp rap on the parlor door. It was Mr. Ma, who should have been looking after the patients in the infirmary.

"Master," Mr. Ma said, "the soldiers are coming. They are entering the north gate now."

Mr. Fairfax rose slowly from his writing-table.

"Soldiers?" he asked. "What soldiers?"

"Ours, master," Mr. Ma replied; "partisans and soldiers from the Eighth Route Army. The town defence corps has met them. The general will stay at the 'yamen.'"

"Oh dear," said Mr. Fairfax, "soldiers!"

"It is truly unexpected," Mr. Ma said. "They came out of the hills through the pass. It is said the Japanese are moving from the railroad."

"I suppose," said Mr. Fairfax, "that means they're coming here."

"Yes, master," Mr. Ma said. "There will be much bitterness."

"Preston, is there going to be a battle?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fairfax. "I'm afraid there will be. I only hope it will be outside the walls and not in the streets . . . Mr. Ma, please run up the American flag. I had better go out and see." He sighed. There would be trouble again. There was always trouble. "We must open the mission gates for the women and children," he said, "and I must see the general about those books. I may have to go for them myself."

"But, master," Mr. Ma said, "there is going to be a battle."

The main gate in the mission wall was partly open, and the house servants were clustered near the opening, staring out. Even before he reached the gate, Mr. Fairfax could hear the singing.

"We have no food," the soldiers were singing. "We have no guns. The enemy will give them to us."

Looking to the left, Mr. Fairfax could see the full length of a broad, dusty street bounded by the familiar earthen walls and the curving roofs of houses and stores stretching all the way to the north gate. The noisy and excited rows of townspeople stood watching the soldiers march through the gate towards the centre of the town.

The whole street was filled with them, and more were coming in from the outside wall. They walked past the mission, easily and tirelessly, bronzed, flat-faced and very young, all of them lean to the point of emaciation. There were more than a thousand, perhaps two or three thousand marching infantry.

Please turn to page 4

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR FEET

Put Them Right With

Zam-Buk

THOUSANDS of housewives and workers are to-day complaining they are having more trouble with their feet than ever before. If your feet soon ache, tire and swell, then here's an easy treatment which will soothe and heal and enable you to get about your work or recreation in ease and comfort.

After bathing your feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk Ointment well into the soles, ankles, insteps, and between the toes. The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling, Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; chafing and soreness are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened. Use Zam-Buk regularly and your feet will never let you down.

Of all chemists and stores.

"I had to wear slippers as my feet and ankles were so sore and painful. Sometimes I couldn't even walk. Besides proving very soothing, Zam-Buk ended my foot troubles. I now get about in comfort again."—Mrs. C. L.

Pave the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates.

For Skin and Foot Troubles

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POSITIVELY MEDIEVAL

Complete short story

PUBLIC LIBRARY 28 JUL 1942 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By MARTHA PREWITT

NATALIE, wedged on her side in the narrow space between Dreamy Days' port engine and fresh water tank, shifted cautiously. She stretched her legs in their scrimpy overalls, but without moving the hand that held up the copper tubing Adam had told her to steady for him.

"Poor sweet idiot," she thought, "he's driving himself like a maniac to get this job ready on time! He'll slay himself!" The softness vanished from her lips then. "Himself and me!" she added.

But there was more than annoyance clouding her grey eyes. There was worry, and even a little fear. She didn't know what to do when a perfectly grand husband suddenly changed into a slave-driver. What did a woman do? Take it and like it?

"Natalie! For heaven's sake hold that tube still!"

"Sorry, skipper." She hadn't meant to jiggle it, but he needn't shout at her, anyway. "I'm not a robot," she reminded him stiffly. "Just a frail woman."

He took a moment to raise his head and grin down at her, blue eyes twinkling. "Frail as parchment," he said. "Or leather." His mouth twisted boyishly, his nose screwed up in a way that was peculiarly and lovably Adam's.

"Your chin looks positively Biblical. By to-morrow you'll have time to tunnel to eat," she said coldly.

"By to-morrow I'll have time to shave. Boat sails at twelve."

"You hope!"

His face tightened. "She'll be ready at twelve o'clock."

"You've got such good reasons why the work couldn't be finished in time—weather and the parts not coming and the water pump breaking down—the owner'll understand. Wherefore all the grim purpose then?"

"Because . . ." And then he repeated it, "Because I promised Mr. Worthington she'd be ready." That wasn't what he'd started to say. He didn't even tell her things any more!

"Tired, sweet?"

"No, my love. Paralysed."

"I'll be through in a minute."

"And you wouldn't hurry if I grew to this engine, would you?" She hadn't meant to say that. Temper had flared because he was keeping something from her, as if she were a child—or too stupid to understand.

He didn't bother to answer.

She twisted her head and gazed at the tip of a tall mast. That was Curlew, the yacht Adam had given her for a wedding present. They lived aboard. Natalie had loved the casualness of boat life—had loved? The tense jerked her up. What was happening to her and Adam — to their marriage?

It's Adam who's changed! He doesn't care what happens to me—even about a thing like the dance . . .

She tried hard not to think any more about the dance, but she couldn't. It was too bad not to go, with Tina giving it especially for them, and Adam knowing how much Natalie'd been looking forward to it, too. But does that deviate him from getting this little yacht job run up in time? she said bitterly to herself.

The really grim thing was that till recently she had been so proud of helping him—because he was Adam, and super-super, as well as because it saved the salary of a paid hand, which was that much towards new equipment. But it enraged her to slave away and then be treated to the same loving attention he gave a monkey wrench!

And that brought her back to the dance! Tina'd be furious when she arrived with the dress, only to be told they weren't even coming. She wouldn't understand why Adam couldn't take the evening off—just to please Natalie.

A horn blared.

"There's Tina."

"Hold on. You can go in a second."

She waited, restraining eagerness. Tina was less patient. Bla-ar! Bla-a-ar!

Natalie called, "Com-ing . . ." and then, trying not to sound wistful, she asked Adam, "There's not a hope we could still get to Tina's party, is there? It's been such ages since we——"

"Patience is a virtue. Push that tube about a thirty-second towards me. That's got it. Now you can go. But cut it short, Natalie. Tempus is fugiting and there's a lot of stuff yet to be done."

She climbed stiffly to her feet, rubbing her sore elbow. Her eyes had narrowed stormily. Not "Will you?" or "Please!" She said, too sweetly, "Just whistle. I'll be here." He didn't even notice.

Natalie waved and clambered from the deck. She went swiftly and crossed the grass, but within a few feet of her sister she slowed. She was suddenly too conscious of the contrast they made.

Tina looked immaculate in white. But it wasn't so much the expensive smartness that stopped Natalie as the look on Tina's dark, smoothly tanned face. Not arrogance—it wasn't that. Tina, for all her being spoilt, wasn't arrogant. But her face carried assurance, a supreme, unshakable confidence. Natalie envied her that.

"Here's your dress, darling," Tina said, holding out a white-and-gold box. "I'm almost glad yours got mildewed on the boat. This lame'll be a dream with your lovely sunburn. I ordered you some camellias. Will that be all right? I thought Adam might not——"

"We can't come, Tina." She said it very firmly.

"Can't come?" Tina's dark eyes widened in surprise. "You mean, tonight? Don't be idiotic. Of course you're coming!"

Natalie shook her head. "Adam's promised this job for twelve tomorrow."

"But I've rounded up people with boats especially for him. He must come."

"I know. We went over that twice yesterday. But he says a customer in the hand comes before a prospect in the bushes."

Tina rested the box on the seat back. "Nobody ever gets a boat on time." It was evident she was trying hard to be reasonable.

"He promised."

Tina's eyebrows rose in faint ironic incredulity. "Natalie, he's positively medieval, isn't he?"

Natalie wanted to resent that. Tina didn't mean it as any compliment. But Adam was sort of medieval—born a few centuries too late. He belonged, in his passion for perfection, as well as in his inflexible integrity, to the age that'd spend a year making one salt-cellar.

She said flippantly, "Yes, I call him 'Cellini' for short."

Tina said, "If you wanted to come without Adam there's lots of extra men—all the old gang, you know. Adam would understand, I think."

Something tightened instinctively inside Natalie. She mustn't be tempted, she mustn't! She said quickly, "But I have to get all the bits back after replating. It's sort of complicated. Almost every piece takes screws of a different size."

"Stop! You sound like a boat catalogue. Why can't Adam put these things back?"

"I'm ready for you to help me adjust valves," Adam said, without looking up.

"Because I made the list as they came off."

"Can't he read?"

"Y-yes, but—well, it's my job." Of course Adam could do it. Only he had so many other things to do.

Tina had glanced at her tiny jewelled watch. "Heavens, it's late. The caterers are coming at three." She held out the box. "I'll leave the dress. You might——"

"No!"

"Well, you could dress at my house if you did change your mind." She slid under the wheel of the coupe.

The car rolled forward a few feet. She called over her shoulder, "I'll treat you to a manicure. Remember, your hands have always been about your best feature."

Natalie gripped them behind her. "Thanks, all the same."

When she'd watched the car out of sight she still stood there, looking at the green lawn and at the great grey bulk of the shed.

So quiet, so peaceful. And she wanted excitement!

Adam's shrill whistle broke the silence. She whirled as if caught in something dishonest and ran back to the boat.

He was stooping in the engine compartment. He said, "I'm ready for you to help me adjust valves."

"But my special bits——"

"Later. This comes first, so that I can test the engines. Find my long-nosed pliers and the valve lifter and crawl in here." He didn't even look up.

Her job was to crouch as low as possible, hanging on to the valve lifter, while above her Adam did something with a screwdriver. She didn't know what it was, but it took him forever. A ship's clock dinged away the half-hours while he moved slowly down the interminable line of valves, and she brooded.

As luck would have it, it was on the last one of the second motor that it happened.

Natalie, numb with fatigue and hot with anger, let her mind wander. And her fingers slip.

Adam said annoyedly, "Look out! You've let the pin kick half-way out. Watch!"

She said, "Watch what? All I can see is your elbow."

Adam mumbled something, and then he made a swift, sharp sound and roared, "Keep still!"

She froze in position.

For a moment there was only his heavy breathing, and then, desolately, "It went down a hole."

Even a major catastrophe couldn't touch her in her present mood. She said flippantly, without a contrite overtone, "What do we do now? Commit suicide?"

Please turn to page 31

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"March On," He Said

Continued from page 2

"THERE is the leader," Wu, the old gatekeeper, said to Mr. Fairfax. "The master can tell by his bodyguard."

He pointed at six or seven tall young men armed with Mauser pistols in great wooden holsters. The leader who walked among them carried no arms at all—a thick-set, youngish man, with a face which the sun and weather had colored very dark. He turned his head and looked curiously at Mr. Fairfax. Then, suddenly, he grinned.

"He is very young for a general," Mr. Fairfax said, and he tried to recall the war lords of an older order he had known.

"Not a general," old Wu answered, "they call them leaders in that army."

The last of the soldiers were passing the compound gate when Mr. Fairfax stepped into the street on his way to the army headquarters.

The sentry stopped him, but when the old men who always sat near the gate with their songbirds explained that Mr. Fairfax was a religious foreigner from a strange country he behaved with the traditional respect that the Chinese have for age.

Behind the spirit screen with its dragons, the main courtyard had once been formal and imposing. Now the court was full of new soldiers.

"He has come to see the leader," the guard said, and the soldiers gathered around Mr. Fairfax, staring at his face and reaching out to touch his clothes.

"Young men," Mr. Fairfax said, "you must be very tired."

"We have walked ninety li to-day," one of them said, laughing. "We are never tired."

Then a little boy came running down the steps from the pavilion. "The leader will see you now," he said.

The officers were in a small reception-room on the right of the pavilion, where a door had been set up to serve as a table. The leader and his staff sat with their tunics unbuttoned, watching an officer sketch a map on a large piece of paper.

When Mr. Fairfax stepped over the high threshold, the leader rose and walked towards him.

"I am Chen Mao Shan," he said to Mr. Fairfax.

The greeting seemed to Mr. Fairfax, who was used to manners, discourteously abrupt.

"I am not worthy," said Mr. Fairfax, mentioning his own name. "Your excellency does me too much honor."

General Chen smiled again, holding out his hand. "Do not stand on ceremony," he answered. "There has been too much ceremony in China. We are only here to fight the Japanese, who will attempt to take this town. You are a foreign religious man, and we wish to treat you well. Please be seated beside me and call me Chen—just Chen."

Mr. Fairfax sat down on a wooden bench. He did not know how to continue, now that the customary preliminaries were eliminated. Nevertheless, he took a packet of tobacco from his pocket, one of the last he owned.

"A poor, small gift," Mr. Fairfax said, "but I beg your excellency will accept."

General Chen shook his close-cropped bullet head. "There is no need for gifts," he answered, "and I am not an excellency. I am a leader in the Eighth Route Army, a soldier since I was twelve years old. They say you are a friend. We welcome friends. We hope you will join us in our evening meal, a very good meal for us—millet and bean curds and tea."

"You do me too much honor," Mr. Fairfax said.

"They said that you travelled to the railroad last week and saw the Japanese there," Chen said.

"That is true," Mr. Fairfax said. "I saw their colonel, Colonel Horai."

"Why did you go to see him?"

NEVER before in speaking to a Chinese had Mr. Fairfax reached a point so quickly.

"For the same reason I am here," he answered. "I teach a school here—teach the boys how to write and read English. My Boys' Club has been presented with some books from America which had arrived at the railroad. I went to ask if Colonel Horai would release the books."

General Chen rubbed the back of his hand heavily over his face. "Everyone should read," he said. "I myself can read, but not foreign books. Did you get the books? Where are they now?"

"They should be in the village of Kao Li by now," Mr. Fairfax said. "I was wondering if any troops are going there to-night whether I might go, too—to find them."

Chen's heavy lips had drawn up into a smile. "It is too late," he said. "This afternoon the Japanese were entering Kao Li."

Mr. Fairfax sighed. "I am sorry to have bothered you," he answered. "Of course, they are important only to me and I waste your time."

General Chen laid his hand heavily on Mr. Fairfax's shoulder. It was an unexpected but friendly gesture.

"It may be," he said, "that we may see the books. You must describe the boxes to us . . . But here comes the meal."

One of the small boys who had been standing by the kitchen in the courtyard was placing bowls and cups on the table. Two others came, carrying steaming pots. Mr. Fairfax looked at the soldiers with uncertain, troubled eyes.

"If it is not too presumptuous," he asked, "can you tell me where the attack is coming from? I hope there will be no fighting here."

The leader pulled a sheet of paper towards him.

"I can tell you what the Japanese are attempting," he said. "That is no secret. Here is a sketch map we are drawing."

"You are very kind to an old man," Mr. Fairfax said. "I have always had a weakness for military maps, although I am a missionary."

He was surprised at the skill and detail of the sketch. It showed the whole region between Linyuan Shien and the railroad. His familiarity with the country gave him the feeling that he was looking down at it all from some great height. Linyuan Shien lay there beneath him, and three miles beyond its walls was the only high ground near it, a hill called Cloud Mountain, with a small temple on its summit.

Farther off, over twenty miles away, was the village of Kao Li, the only considerable settlement between Linyuan Shien and the railroad, and farther still came the railroad itself, with two stations indicated.

"It is as good as a map in a military book," he said.

"From these two stations," Chen began, "the Japanese started moving this morning in two columns. They are making a base at Kao Li."

Mr. Fairfax studied the map a moment longer and put his finger on the contours of Cloud Mountain.

"You must hold that height," he said. "They cannot get here if you hold it."

Chen had set down his bowl and his chopsticks. His wide eyes had grown bright and steady, and his voice had a new edge to it as he addressed his staff around the table.

"You hear that?" he called. "It is exactly what I said—the first essential. You should have told me that you have been a soldier."

"Not a soldier," Mr. Fairfax said. "It is only that I read about soldiers. This very afternoon before you came I gave way to a temptation. Instead of doing what I am here to do, I wasted time and read about old battles of the American Civil War—an unsuitable occupation."

"What war was that?" Chen asked.

"What!" said Mr. Fairfax, "You've never heard of the war between the States or about General Stonewall Jackson?"

In his enthusiasm he began to describe the marches over the mountains of the Shenandoah. No one could make an army move like General Jackson. They used to call the infantry Jackson's Foot Cavalry because they moved so fast. His men were ragged and barefoot, but they always moved . . . Certainly he was talking too much.

"Yes," Mr. Fairfax said, "some other time I must tell you more, but I should be leaving now."

The leader moved his hand impatiently. "No," he said. "I want everyone to listen."

Then Mr. Fairfax knew that he had been wrong when he thought that Chen and his officers were discourteous.

He had a momentary feeling of being one of them—a soldier himself among soldiers. "But if you are really interested," he continued, "there is Chancellorsville, and his move against General Pope in the second battle of Bull Run. That was when the main body of the enemy was contained by a comparatively small force, and Jackson slipped secretly around his flank to Manassas. If you had a paper and pencil I could show you."

Please turn to page 8

ANIMAL ANTICS

"Just ignore him. He thinks it's clever."

A MAN CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH COLDS THESE DAYS!

. . . so millions more are changing to Vicks VapoRub. Now over 30 million jars are used yearly . . . in 71 countries

NO WONDER VapoRub is the world's favorite remedy for children's colds!

IT ENDS COLDS FASTER because it doesn't relieve just *part* of a cold. Simply rubbed on, VapoRub clears the nose, soothes the throat, loosens tightness in the chest, and relieves coughing *all at one time!*

HOW? First, with its healing *vapours*; their soothing medication is breathed in straight to the irritated air-passages. Second, like a *poultice*, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain. Feeling warm and comfy, breathing easily, the child soon falls off into restful sleep—while VapoRub's double action *keeps on* working. Next morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

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"You can take over my job, Lass!"

"I want to be out where the planes are, I want to be in the fight! Help me and help your country—We know you'll do what's right!"

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There are interesting and important jobs in the W.A.A.A.F. for women between 18 and 40. Every sort of ability and training is valuable. Every "W.A.A.A.F." releases a man for Active Duty.

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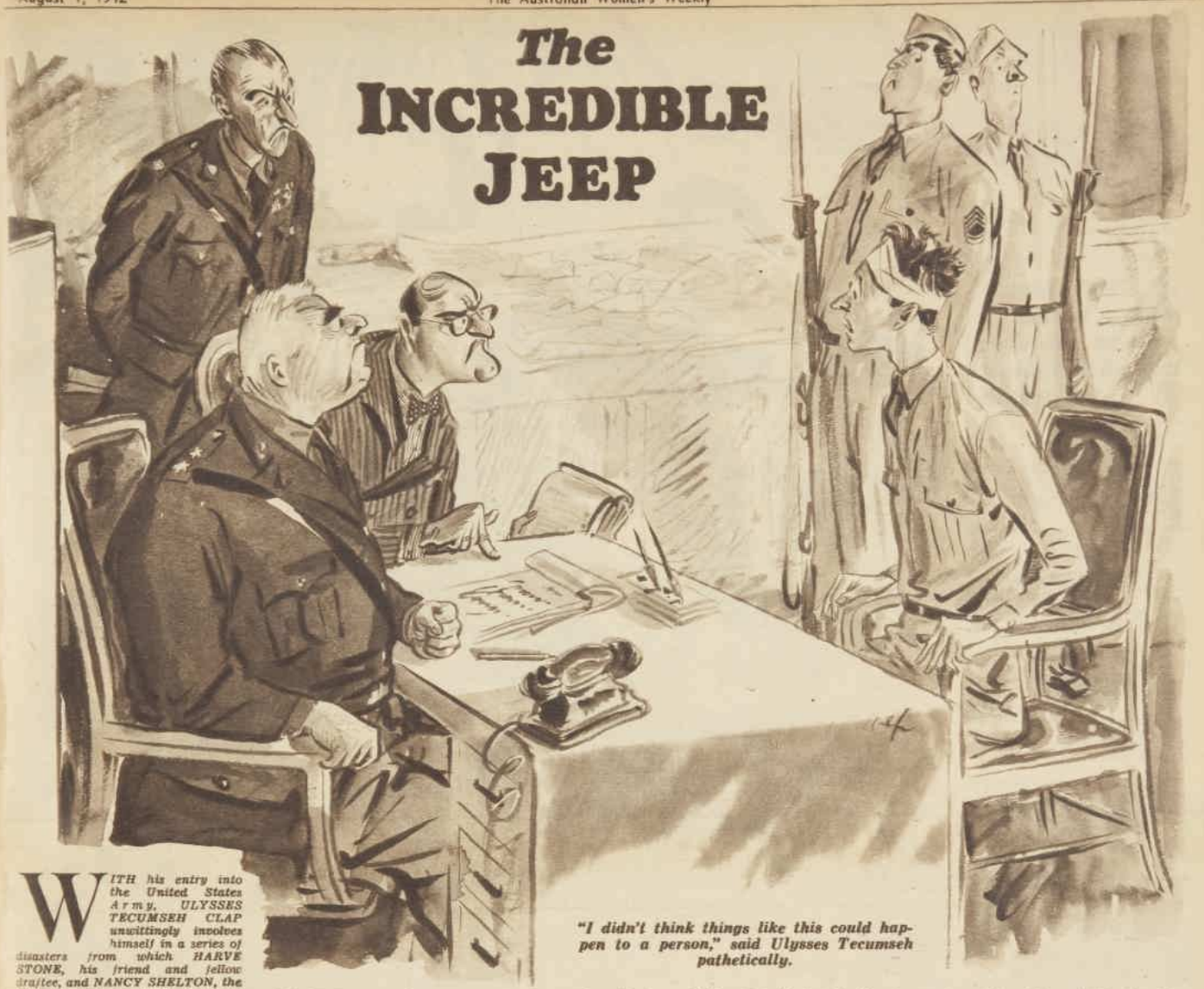
The INCREDIBLE JEEP



"I didn't think things like this could happen to a person," said Ulysses Tecumseh pathetically.

WITH his entry into the United States Army, ULYSSES TECUMSEH CLAP unwittingly involves himself in a series of disasters from which HARVE STONE, his friend and fellow draftee, and NANCY SHELTON, the General's niece, try vainly to protect him.

The climax is reached when, fleeing from the wrath of GENERAL SHELTON, Ulysses sees Fifth Columnists setting fire to the camp, is knocked unconscious trying to stop them, and so is found and judged to be the culprit.

Now read on:

By C. B. KELLAND

ULYSSES TECUMSEH CLAP awoke in the morning on an army bed in the guardhouse.

His groping hand discovered a bandage about his head. The head itself felt as if a series of explosions were going off inside it, and remembering what had happened to him was a difficult task.

Gradually the happenings of the night before and of the day before became distinct. He did not, of course, realise that he was a prisoner, nor what room it was he occupied, but he felt the need to discover where he was. He raised himself on his elbows, but dizziness swept over him and he sank back upon his pillow.

He was a very sick and unhappy young man.

His watch had stopped, so that he could not read the time. Consequently he did not know what hour it was when Harve Stone came into the room accompanied by an elderly man of about twice Harve's size.

He was a rather frightening old gentleman with a face that looked as if it had been carved out of weathered oak and a mass of silver-white hair that bristled. The habitual expression of his face seemed to be a scowl. He was impressive in the way that a thundercloud is impressive. He impended.

Ulysses Tecumseh was not soothed by his appearance, even though he was accompanied by Harve.

"Hello, soldier," Harve said.

"Hello," Ulysses Tecumseh said, his word muffled by the pillow.

"Dying?" Harve asked.

"I could be," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"Who socked you?" Harve wanted to know.

"Different people," Ulysses Tecumseh said faintly.

"Nothing like variety," Harve said in what seemed to Ulysses Tecumseh to be heartless tones. "I brought a playmate to see you. My dad. He tells funny stories and is the life of the party."

"Shut up, Harve," said Mr. Stone.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Harve, who did not seem to be blighted.

"You always pal with fools," said Mr. Stone, glowering at Ulysses Tecumseh, "but this time you picked you the darndest fool of all time." He approached Ulysses Tecumseh and spoke to him directly: "What kind of a mess you got yourself into? Thought I was going to have to wake up the Secretary of War to get permission to come in here."

"Where am I?" Ulysses Tecumseh asked.

"You tell him," Mr. Stone said to his son.

"You," said Harve, "are in the hoosegow. Hermetically sealed. They're guarding you like you are the crown jewels. Let's hear your side of it."

"If any," said Mr. Stone.

"The general is mad at me," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"Oh, the general's mad at you, is he?" asked Mr. Stone with elaborate sarcasm. "Ain't that kind of an overstatement? Don't you mean he's just a mite irritated?"

"He's real angry," Ulysses Tecumseh insisted.

"See if you can't break down your reticence and tell us why," suggested Harve.

"Well," Ulysses Tecumseh said, "it all started with those Fifth Columnist pamphlets in my trunk."

"You look like a Fifth Columnist," said Mr. Stone. "I've been expecting Harve to take up with Fifth Columnists next. Or join a nudist camp, or hire out to do parachute jumps."

"These pamphlets," said Ulysses Tecumseh patiently, "were in my trunk. Somebody put them there. So I didn't want to have them found."

"Why not?" asked Harve.

"So I took them over to the general's," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "So the general ordered a search, and I was scared and I didn't know what to do with them, so I put them in the general's filing cabinet."

"Sounds like a good idea," said Harve.

"And then I fixed up a burglar alarm, and then some congressmen came in with the general, and the general said he had to be searched first, because it would be good for the morale of the soldiers if he let them search him. And they did and the burglar alarm went off, and the congressmen were there and the first thing they did was find the pamphlets. That started the general to getting mad at me."

"Unreasonable of him," said Harve.

"But he didn't know I put them there," Ulysses Tecumseh said, "but I was going to tell him. I kind of put it off till I could get him in a good humor. He kind of scares you when he is in a tantrum."

"You thought up something to make him gay and happy?"

"It was a surprise."

"Did it surprise him?"

"It did, but it did not surprise him good. It surprised him bad. It was a table that I made, but if you stepped on a crosspiece the top of the table would go down and the side leaves would come up and make a backgammon board."

"Something," said Mr. Stone, "that no general should be without."

"I got it all done, and he came in with the Assistant Secretary of War. But he was still mad at me and he wouldn't let me explain what the table could do."

"He shushed you?" asked Mr. Stone.

"He chased me out," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "but I waited in the kitchen, and the general and his visitor sat down at the table to have some drinks."

"Don't tell me. Let me guess," said Mr. Stone.

"Nobody could guess, because it was so awful," said Ulysses. "They were bending over the table and the general stepped on the crosspiece, and up came the side leaves, kerslap! and banged the general and the secretary alongside their heads, and then came down and kind of fastened their hands."

"That," said Mr. Stone, "must have been a merry sight. I would like to have seen it."

"I did not like to see it."

"And then?"

"I took out for the woods."

"So the general jammed you in here because you cuffed his ears with a gadget? That how it stands?"

"That's it, and it was all an accident, and came out wrong."

"Not keeping any depredations back?"

"Not a single, solitary thing. After that I just got knocked around by different people."

"How did you irritate them?"

"It was the gasoline," said Ulysses.

"Oh, it was the gasoline. This is the first time gasoline has popped up in the story."

"It didn't happen until this point," said Ulysses. "When I took out I hid near an old icehouse, and this icehouse was full of gasoline and Fifth Columnist leaflets."

"We keep coming back to Fifth Columnists," complained Mr. Stone. "I don't like them."

"They are very rough people," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "Well, this gasoline was gone when I got there and I kind of wondered. And then I happened to remember about sabotage and blowing up ammunition plants, so I started to run."

"Where?"

"Back to camp," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"But you were a fugitive from camp."

"I guess I kind of forgot that in the excitement, and the first thing I knew there were some men talking about burning the headquarters building and the hospital and starting a conflagration, so I scooted again."

"To give the alarm?" asked Mr. Stone.

"I thought I would tell the general, because the general wouldn't want the camp burned up. And I ran slam into those men again, and one of them said, 'Let him have it,' and they knocked me silly and kicked me in the ribs. They were very rough."

Mr. Stone glanced at his son, and Harve nodded at his father.

"They thought that I was unconscious and could not run any more, and I pretended to be more unconscious than I was."

"That was bright of you," said Harve. "Probably it is how you happen to be alive."

Please turn to page 18

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Quicksand

In her lonely bush home a woman matches her wits against a Nazi killer.

He yelled like a madman as the ground yielded under his feet.

By A. B. SHERLOCK

EARLY in the morning there was a mist hanging close to the ground. It was thin. When the sun came up it would burn away. Just now, an hour before sunrise, it was a welcome concealment for Walther Kraus.

He walked springily between the darkened houses; silently, too, except for the flap-flap of a long tear in his trousers, where he had ripped them getting through the barbed wire.

A clanking sound in the half-light sent him into the shadow of a pepper-tree. Motionless there, he saw a dim figure go by on a bicycle—a sleepy boy with two large milk cans hanging from the handlebars. The boy stopped at the corner, propped the bike against a hedge, and vanished with one of the cans through a front gate.

Kraus, his hard young face still as stone, watched intently. The boy emerged, and, still carrying the can, went into the house next door. It was obvious that he was going to serve all the houses in that row.

Kraus acted swiftly. With a feline pounce he seized the bike and detached the milk can. About to mount the machine, he stopped for ten precious seconds to swamp his mouth and throat with milk, drinking greedily. But before the boy came out again, Kraus was half a block away, pedalling hard.

Once clear of the town he struck west, along the river road. There was plenty of light to follow the road; the mist seemed to be thinner. In his pocket was a map of Australia, a page torn from a school atlas—the idea of using it as a guide was almost laughable, but it was better than nothing.

West, and then north. Darwin, if possible. A boat, any sort of a boat, and then—Java. It sounded quite a job, it might take months, in fact, but he was a determined devil, Walther Kraus, and stubbornly confident. He had a fixed and fatalistic belief in his star.

He was pretty shrewd, too. He knew that his tenure of the bike was limited; the thing was too conspicuous, too traceable. When he had been riding for hours, and had covered well over forty miles, he saw ahead of him the dust-plume trailed by an approaching car. At once he turned in towards the river. He walked along the bank until he found deep water, and he threw the bike in.

Thereafter he kept to the river timber, walking always west. The fools seeking him would undoubtedly assume that he would make east, towards the coast, towards the populated areas. They would never credit him with the daring to strike out into the never-never.

He had a haversack of stolen food, compact supplies of essentials, but he hoped to live largely on the country. The first three days on the river were satisfactory. Plenty of water, a straying lamb slaughtered and eaten, his iron rations barely touched. The weather was warm. He felt strong and well.

He met nobody. When he came to a homestead he skirted it. His first encounter was self-sought, deliberate. He was settling down for the night when he saw the red eye of a camp fire, winking between the river gums. A weather-beaten sundowner, with a grey turf of beard, crouched over the fire, on which a black billy perched.

Kraus watched him for a while, and then he walked out into the firelight. The swaggie looked up at him quickly.

"Hullo, there," Kraus said.

"G'day." He studied Kraus with quiet, serene eyes. "Siddown and have a cupper tea," he invited.

Kraus sat down. He got a tin pannikin out of his pack and waited.

"Don't s'pose yer got no terbacoer on yer?" the swaggie asked.

Kraus shook his head. "I don't smoke," he said.

While they drank the tea they chatted—or, rather, the swaggie chatted; Kraus was sombre, curt. His light ice-blue eyes looked colorless in the firelight.

It was apparent that the swaggie was interested in Kraus; in some way he found him unusual, a puzzle. Perhaps it was his accent; perhaps it was the unorthodoxy of his clothing and equipment. But Kraus was reticent; he let the other do all the talking.

"Not too many on the track these days," the swaggie said. "In the old times you'd meet all sorts. Most of 'em in uniform now. This is a funny war—different from the last one."

"I've got a weak heart," Kraus said, lightly patting his chest with his closed fist.

"Yair. Me, I'm too old to be any good. Struck two soldiers yesterday. Motor-bike they had—you know. They was out huntin' for a prisoner o' war. Some bloke as got away from the big camp at . . ."

He stopped, and Kraus could read, with one infallible flash, the thought that shot into the other's head. He saw everything, the startled surmise, the sudden recognition of the truth, everything. He saw the blink as the man recovered, heard his voice recovering, too.

"Yair—I forgot just what they told me—"

Kraus sprang. He sprang without thought or volition, clear across the fire, and even in mid-leap his hands were aiming themselves, shaping themselves for the swaggie's throat. When at last he lifted himself from the still body, those hands were clenched with such intensity that he had to unlock them finger by finger from the swollen neck.

With as little concern as he had felt over the disposal of the bike, he weighted the body and sank it in the river. Every man for himself!

He looked over the sundowner's swag. It was small but elaborate, packed with essentials of proved usefulness. There was even a worn razor. Most valuable of all, a thick grey bush blanket. Flour, sugar, tea—Kraus' hard eyes gleamed as he went through the stock. His stock.

In another couple of days he judged that it was about time that he left the river, the course of which was beginning to swing south.

He came late in the afternoon to a small house, evidently a sort of outstation, immediately on the river-bank, and wondered whether to risk an inquiry as to his position. While he stood in the concealment of a clump of gum seedlings, trying to make up his mind, he saw something which made his eyes harden in a rigid stare.

At the door of the house, a young man was taking farewell of a young woman. He kissed her lingeringly, and then climbed up on his horse. The horse began to walk away. In the afternoon stillness Kraus distinctly heard the young man's call:

"Don't worry—I'll be back after breakfast for sure."

"I won't worry—so long as you look after yourself."

Her voice was clear, a little shrill. Kraus stood like a rock.

Afterwards he sat down, watching the house. He watched until it was dark, and he saw nobody else about the place. The woman appeared several times. A window showed a rectangle of yellow light. Kraus sat in grim debate. For once he didn't know what to do; his instinct was at a loss.

The woman was having tea when she heard the dog suddenly set up a loud, persistent barking. She opened the door and looked out. A man's tall, dark figure stood half a dozen yards away, with the dog in front of him, barking up at his knees.

"What do you want?"

"I want some . . . some — tucker."

The voice was military, clipped; it had a strange quality in that setting, in those circumstances.

"I can give you some damper, that's all."

"Thank you."

"Stay where you are. I'll bring it out."

"Yes."

Even that single word managed to sound odd, somehow, she thought.

When she emerged with a big damper in a paper bag, she saw that he had come up closer. He was almost at the door, standing immobile above the snarling and growling hostility of the dog.

"Can you catch?"

"Yes."

She was just about to toss him the bag when he made a complication of movements, of which her clearest memory was that he plunged inside the house, carrying her before him in his rush, and at the same time he kicked the dog in the throat. Then he was leaning his back against the inner side of the door, outside which the dog, with maddened barking, scratched in fury.

It had all happened so quickly that for a moment she couldn't get her breath.

"I was afraid he was going to bite me," he said in still-faced apology.

"Pity he didn't. Now you get out of here, quick."

"But the dog?"

"I won't let him touch you."

She was small, dark-haired. Her figure was full, and across the ridge of her nose was a faint dusting of freckles. Her eyes were wide, intense.

He relaxed his attitude, glancing about the room. The table, the half-eaten tea, the fireplace with its black stove, some chairs, a battered sofa. But he also saw the telephone on the far wall, the battery-serviced radio.

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Prize thriller which won £200 for Australian author A. B. Sherlock in our £2000 fiction contest

"Didn't you hear me?"

"I'm so—hungry," he said. He looked again at the table.

There was a pause.

"You can have some scran, as far as that goes," she relented. "And then—you can get going. I don't want you in here at all."

"The dog—"

"Never mind about the dog. You've got a cheek. Who do you think you are, butting into the place?"

"I'm hungry. It is two days . . ."

Outside the door the dog still barked, but with reduced ferocity.

"All right. Sit down. Help yourself."

There was a cold shoulder of mutton, and she pushed it towards him. Damper and butter, home-made jam, a brown teapot. He began to eat. She watched him, his square chin, his ice-blue killer's eyes, his hair cut short and bristling darkly upon a round thick skull. His teeth were white and even, strong-looking.

"You will not sit down—yourself?"

He looked up at her, smiling. The smile was attractive until you noticed that the eyes weren't smiling at all—were still like hard bits of blue-tinged glass.

She was listening to the voice, the stiff, precise speech, and her eyes narrowed.

"You'd better watch out," she said, "or you'll land back in that camp again."

He still munched unconcernedly. Slicing himself more mutton, he asked: "How did you know? Was it my speech? Or——?" He gestured towards the radio set.

"What do you think?"

He shrugged, and attended to his plate.

"They'll get you anyway," she said.

He grunted. "Not these fool Australians." His smile, as he pushed the chair back from the table, was unpleasant.

"Well, you've had your tucker, so you can clear out."

He didn't move. He continued to stare at her. Her eyes were brown, the same color as her hair. She was all alone, and yet she didn't seem afraid. She was ordering him about as if she had an army at her back.

A frosty light shone in his pale eyes; the light of malice, perhaps.

"I don't know if I want to—what you call it?—clear out."

"You'd better think again."

"But it is nice," he said, "for a little while to—to be near a woman. I have been with men such a long time. Six months in that camp, and before—I have not spoken to a woman for——" He reckoned up, seriously—"for more than a year."

Something in his fixed, rigid look made her drop her eyes. She said:

"Well, I daresay you aren't the only one."

He went on as if she hadn't spoken: "So you see — I am not hurrying to . . . clear out. I think I would like you to put up with me for a little. I could stay all night."

"That's enough of that," she blustered, but now she was afraid of him, afraid of those merciless air-gunner's eyes. "You can pack up and go. Go on, get moving!"

She stepped towards him with doubled fist raised threateningly, but his hand flew out with a snake's swiftness and closed on her wrist. His fingers were like steel bands. She smacked him stingingly on the face, and the shock released his grip.

He chuckled, stroking his cheek.

"Clear out, clear out," she shouted angrily. "My husband will be back any time now, and when he comes——"

"I saw your husband ride away." His voice was as cold, as precise, as ever. "I heard him tell you when he would be back."

"You Germans are all the same. Not men at all. Just . . . pigs."

"We Nazis have a way of getting what we want." There was a slight stiffening of his attitude, a tinge of arrogance. "If we want a thing, we take it. That is the first rule of life—to make yourself strong, so that you can take what you want. Men like that we call the ironheads, the strong men."

"Out here, we call them thieves."

"Out here!" Contempt curdled in the clipped voice. "This Australia — a nation of idlers. Grown-ups living, playing, like children. No real purpose, no real vitality. Just negative. Soft—soft and gentle, like your animals and your climate."

"There's nothing wrong with those."

"Exactly so. Nothing wrong — no possible harm can come from either. That's your weakness. Why, in Germany, in the winter, there is ice and snow, the winter kills you. But the climate makes you hard, tough. It's full of dangers—and danger is good for you."

"We've got some dangers, too."

"This country is like your river here. Slow, shallow, harmless. Dribbling across sand. An old river. Our rivers are young, violent——"

"This river can be violent when it likes," she interrupted sharply, "and you're all wrong about no dangers here. There's tiger-snakes, and right outside our back door there's a terrible quicksand."

"A quicksand—how childish!"

"You wouldn't think it was childish if you fell in it. It would suck you down in a couple of minutes. There—that's danger for you. We had a cow here—she walked into the quicksand in the night. We heard her bellowing. But when we got to her it was too late. Her head was just going under. We never saw her again."

"That's a trifle. A quicksand is dangerous, it is true. But so is a cliff, if you happen to walk off it."

"But it's deadly. Even birds can't land on it. Dogs—we must have lost half a dozen since I've been here."

She had been leaning across the table in the eagerness of her argument, with her face right into the glow of the lamp; and now, with a movement so swift that he didn't suspect it, didn't even see it, she turned the lamp wick down hard, clean out of the burner. Kraus was as quick, almost, as the sudden sweep of darkness, but his lunging arms caught nothing but air.

He rocketed to his feet with a yell of outrage and anger, spreading his arms wide to intercept any rush for the door. After a moment he heard her in a further room; then there was a brief vision of a door open against the starlight—and the slam as it closed behind her.

Kraus charged recklessly through the darkness. He caromed off a wall, bruising his shoulder, but he reached his objective. He had to fumble for the catch of the further door, and by the time he found it and ripped the door open she was right across the flat and at the river-bank. Her white dress shone dimly in the starlight—a beacon for him. When he himself stood on the lip of the low bank, he saw the white dress out across the sandy river-bed. He divined her plan in a flash; she was going to wade the shallow waters and hide across the river.

Well, if he hadn't been so quick, she might have fooled him. He ran down the bank and out after her. But in half a dozen strides the ground yielded under his flying feet. He came down all asprawl in a bed of wet, cold, clinging material, in which his hands and feet groped in vain for stability. He felt himself sinking.

With a cold shock he realised that she had lured him into that "terrible quicksand" of which she had spoken, and at that his control left him completely. He yelled like a madman, and plunged about, too, until he realised that his exertions were only driving him deeper into the trap. He spreadeagled himself, tried to arrest the horrible suck of the morass.

He still sank, but more slowly. A plank came sailing through the air, hitting him on the head. He heard the woman's voice:

"Hang onto that."

"Will it keep me up?"

"Perhaps. If you're dead still—don't move."

"Can't you get me a rope?"

"There's none long enough. Hold on, and keep as still as you possibly can. I'll telephone for help."

. . . . . .

The three soldiers came with the daylight, and stood looking at the sorry, mud-bedaubed Kraus, stiff and exhausted, with his arms over a submerged plank.

"There he is, boys," said the woman. "I don't think he'll give you any trouble. But watch out for that mudhole—it must be three feet deep, easy."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"I saw your husband ride away. I heard him tell you when he would be back," said Kraus arrogantly.

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"March On," He Said

Continued from page 4

"GIVE him what he needs," Chen said. "What roads did he have? How were his men armed?"

It was growing dark when General Chen stood up.

"I could wish for more time to listen," he said. "I am only an ignorant soldier. I shall see you to the gate."

It was not until he was half-way back to the mission that Mr. Fairfax began seriously to reproach himself. He had been amusing himself when he should have been doing his duty. Already families were leaving the town—women were struggling with bundles and children, and old men were pushing carts and wheelbarrows.

It would be necessary to maintain the same sort of order that he had five years before when the bandits were burning villages in the back country.

Mrs. Fairfax had started fires in the stoves outside the large kitchen, so that the women could cook the food they had brought.

"Why, Preston," she said, "where have you been?"

"It was about the books, my dear," he said. "I am afraid I stayed longer than was necessary. The general had never heard of Stonewall Jackson."

"Preston," she asked, "what did you hear? Are the Japanese coming?"

"Yes, dear," he answered. "We must be ready for the worst. I'm afraid these poor soldiers can't stop them."

He had seen it all happen before, that retreat to the mission compound for protection, and facing it again gave him the same hopeless feeling of being alone in a storm. He was up through most of the night, giving orders and making plans.

Then he rose again before sunrise, found an old pair of field glasses, and walked to the compound gate. A half-hour later he stood on the town wall, looking out into the hazy distance. The early sun struck the slopes of Cloud Mountain, and as the mist cleared Mr. Fairfax noticed that there were soldiers around the temple and soldiers farther down the slope.

"But they can't hold it," he heard himself saying aloud. They certainly could not hold it, because the Japanese would bring artillery.

He stood listening, expecting to hear shots, but he heard only the sounds of the awakening town behind him. He stared as far as he could over the hills towards the horizon in the direction of Kao Li village and the railroad, but the village lay hidden far beyond where his eye could reach, and the railroad was farther still. If it was true that the Japanese were already in Kao Li, he was sure that they should be in front of the hill by nightfall. There was nothing he could do except go back to his daily work and tell his people to be calm and not to be afraid.

When firing began at six in the evening, he went back to the wall again. He was able to pick out the smoke with his glasses where the Japanese had begun firing from a position near Cloud Mountain.

"I'm afraid," he said, when he got home, "that they will be here to-morrow," and then he tried to be reassuring.

But he could not maintain any sort of detachment. Instead he was filled with an excitement which had nothing to do with his duty.

"If there was only something I could do," he said.

He was surprised to find himself pacing across the room.

"I wish I'd gone with them," he said. "If I were younger, I'd go out where they're holding the hill."

"Why, Preston!" Mrs. Fairfax exclaimed.

"Stop!" said Mr. Fairfax. "Listen!"

The firing had suddenly increased in volume, and he put on his hat.

"Preston——" Mrs. Fairfax began.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Mr. Fairfax said. "I can't stay here."

WHEN he climbed up the steps, a voice called his name through the darkness. It was old Mr. Li, the city magistrate.

"We are eating bitterness," Mr. Li said in a thin voice, "bitterness. Look yonder. There's a fire."

He looked towards the horizon, where Mr. Li was pointing, and, sure enough, the sky was red.

"Why," said Mr. Fairfax—"why, that is where Kao Li village lies! The village must be burning."

The firing from the direction of Cloud Mountain increased for a while, but all at once died away.

"Mr. Li," said Mr. Fairfax, "will you ask them to open the town gate? I must go out to Cloud Mountain."

He did not know why, but he knew he must go. Something unexpected had happened to stop that firing.

. . . . . .

It was six in the morning when Mr. Fairfax came back. His trousers were caked with mud.

"Preston," Mrs. Fairfax said, "where have you been?"

"My dear," Mr. Fairfax answered, "it is the most amazing thing. The Japanese have gone. They left their positions in front of Cloud Mountain. Something must have gone wrong behind them. Kao Li village was burning and they have gone."

By nine in the morning the news was everywhere that the Japanese had gone, confirmed by the self-defence corps and by farmers far out in the country who had seen them marching back the way they had come, towards the smoke at Kao Li.

"Yes," Mr. Fairfax told the refugees, "they have gone. I have seen it for myself," but all the time he was saying to himself that he could not understand.

It was no use trying to open the schools on such a day, when the whole town was disordered. At first he thought that the Japanese might come, but when he saw the families and the handcarts and the wheelbarrows and the donkeys returning in the late afternoon, he was increasingly sure that the country was becoming quiet.

When Mr. Fairfax asked for news, there was nothing but rumor.

The next morning it was the same—no news. There was no news until close to sunset, when Mr. Ma came hurrying into the parlor. "Master," he said, "the soldiers are coming back! You can see them from the wall. They are marching on the road from Kao Li."

There was no doubt any longer that the Japanese had been driven back.

After supper, Mr. Fairfax lighted a small kerosene lamp on his writing-table, for the time had come to pick up things where he had left them, and there was his report which had to be finished. "It is with great regret," he wrote, "that we must report that beyond much question the books for which we were looking forward so eagerly have been lost in fighting between Japanese and Chinese troops."

Then he laid down his pen, for there was a knock on the door.

"Master," Mr. Ma said, "I disturb you to tell you the books have come."

"What?" said Mr. Fairfax. "The books?"

"There are three boxes," said Mr. Ma, "carried by soldiers. And that is not all. The leader is here, asking to see you."

"Dear me," said Mr. Fairfax. "Will you show him in, please, Mr. Ma, and ask for some tea and some cookies? That is very thoughtful of the general to come to see me."

A minute later General Chen stood in the dimly-lighted mission parlor. His left arm was in a dirty cotton sling. His blue-grey uniform was torn and muddy. He stepped towards Mr. Fairfax and held out his hand. "The books have come," he said. "We found them at Kao Li."

"My dear," Mr. Fairfax said to Mrs. Fairfax, "this is General Chen."

"Not General Chen," the general answered. "Call me Chen."

"Won't you please sit down?" Mr. Fairfax asked him.

"I must not stay," Chen said. "We move on in two hours. We are finished here. I only wished to tell you I remembered the books when I took Kao Li." Then his white teeth flashed in a smile.

"It is very thoughtful of you," Mr. Fairfax said. "Even if we go has stand on ceremony, you do me a great honor. It makes me bold enough to ask a question. Will you tell me what happened to the Japanese?"

"Yes," Chen said. "I shall tell you. There were two columns, each moving in from points on the railroad, their base of supplies to be Kao Li, the main body of a thousand men reached Kao Li first and began moving towards this town. We took up positions on Cloud Mountain, but I myself detached two thousand men and made a night march. The smaller Japanese column, about five hundred, was still moving towards Kao Li, and we defeated it.

"We went on marching all that day and attacked Kao Li at night and drove back the garrison. We withdrew in the morning with the Japanese supplies, hiding behind the hills. The main Japanese column was in front of Cloud Mountain then. When they learned their communications were cut, they turned back to attack.

"We struck them on the march early this morning and dispersed them. They are returning to the railroad now." Chen smiled again. "I am very happy to tell you," he ended. "I thought you would like to know."

Mr. Fairfax sat for a moment in deep thought. He saw that Chen was watching him, still smiling.

"Why," Mr. Fairfax said, "I declare it is almost the way Stonewall Jackson handled General Pope!"

"Yes," Chen said again, "I thought you would like to know."

Then it all came over Mr. Fairfax, a bright light of magnificence which made him humble. He could see that it had been intended always that he should be a humble instrument.

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REXONA SOAP is medicated with Cadyl and in addition contains Oil of Cassia, Oil of Cloves, Oil of Teatbarth, Benzyl Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

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Serviceable and Smart, too.

NILE HANDKERCHIEFS hold their colour, launder perfectly

Nile Handkerchiefs can be relied upon to wear and launder without losing their original smartness. Made in modern designs from finest Egyptian yarn. For Men only, 1/5; for Madam, 10½d. Singly or in gift packages.

NILE HANDKERCHIEFS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS AND UNDERPANTS

Manufactured by Pioneer Safeguards Industries Pty. Ltd., 124 Broadway, Sydney

Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests

Prove New Shampoo's *Glorifying Action*

Clearly Proved 4 Advantages
1. 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Makes perms faster, safer.
4. Retains hair's elasticity.

SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Dull, cloudy, soap-washed side. RIGHT—Bright, shining "Colinated" side.

Here are the strictest and most convincing tests ever made on a shampoo. Unique "half-head" tests—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with a soap or powder shampoo—show amazing results. Hair brighter, more manageable. Takes better "perms"—faster.

THIS revolutionary Colinated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that completely washes away all grease, dirt and loose dandruff. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove. Test it yourself—and thrill to your hair's new loveliness.

Make a note to ask your usual chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

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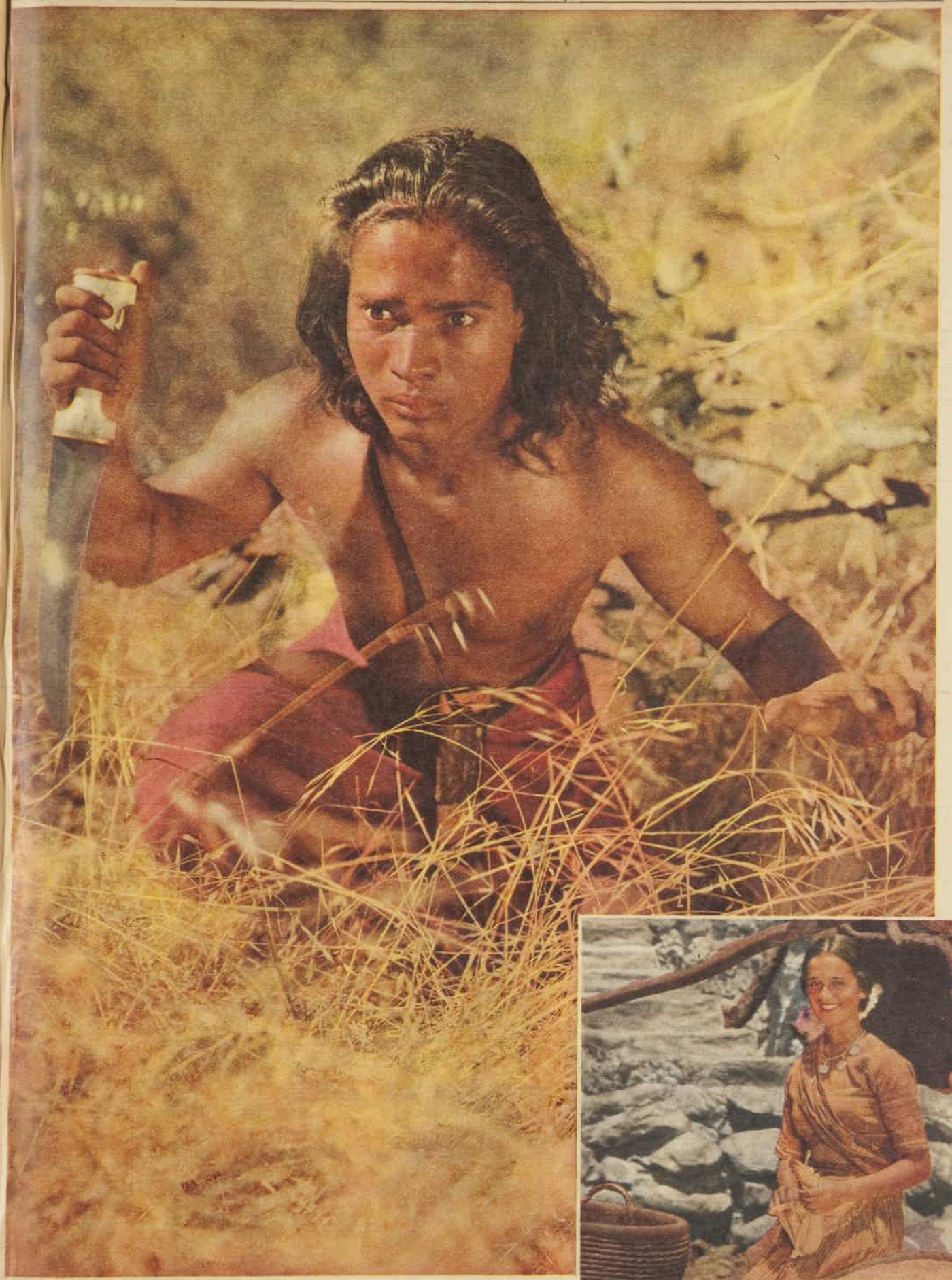

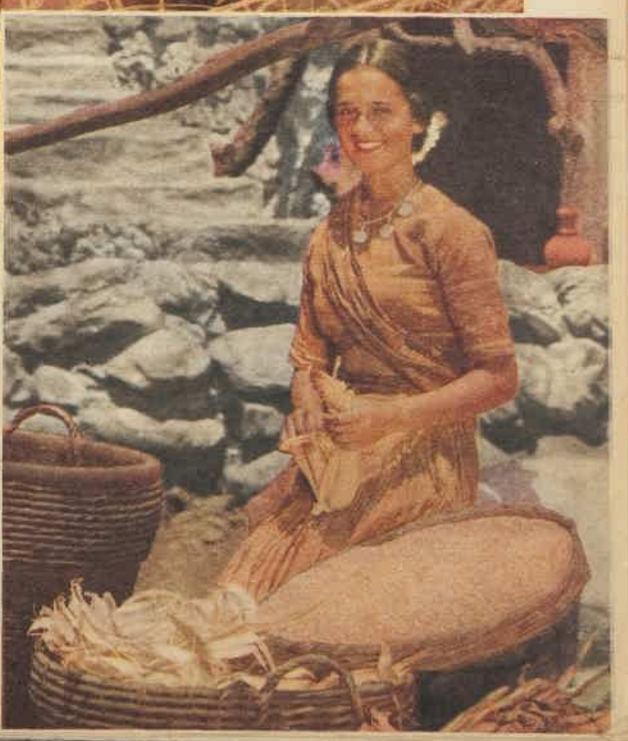

Movie World

¶ Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" has been filmed with Indian star Sabu (above) as Mowgli and Irish-Hawaiian Patricia O'Rourke (right) as the village heroine. Producer of this United Artists film is Sir Alexander Korda.

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Cream ODO-RO-NO Stops PERSPIRATION

Don't trust your daintiness to less than the best! It costs no more, takes no longer to use.

- Smooth as satin, it is not gritty.
- Non-irritating, may be used before or after removing hair from the underarm.
- Non-greasy, will not stain clothes, or otherwise harm them.

1/1 and 2/2

SABOTEUR is a thriller

1 AIRCRAFT factory worker Barry (Cummings) is accused of starting a fire which kills his best friend.

2 ESCAPING arrest, Barry trails fire-starter to ranch of Tobin (Kruger), who blandly denies knowledge of man.

3 HANDCUFFED by Tobin's bullies Barry leaps from car when they are taking him back to the authorities.

4 STUMBLING into blind artist's cabin, Barry meets suspicious girl (Priscilla Lane).

5 ARRIVING in ghost-town on saboteurs' trail, pair discover short-wave radio.

6 HUNTED BY POLICE, whom Tobin tipped off, they board circus-train, whose weird passengers get them to New York, where Barry is caught in street by the saboteurs.

7 FOLLOWING Barry, the girl finds him in a Park Avenue mansion, where he is recognised by Tobin, who is one of the guests, and who contrives to have both held prisoners.

8 SABOTEUR Fry (Lloyd) drags Priscilla to Statue of Liberty tower as a hostage.

Sabotage theme of adventure

ENGLISH director Alfred Hitchcock, in his Universal film, "Saboteur," returns to the suspenseful mood of adventures like his "39 Steps," "The Man Who Knew Too Much," and "Foreign Correspondent."

His hero and heroine, played by Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane, unmask a sabotage ring.

All Hitchcock's fantastic realism is in the film—so is a big chance for his leading lady, Priscilla Lane. Hitchcock, who chose Joan Fontaine to play "Rebecca," and later presented her in "Suspicion," believes that the right spice for melodrama is a good actress. He borrowed Priscilla from Warners specially for the role.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

'Viyella' has always been an essential utility Fabric!

Start Baby Right—
with "VIYELLA" and
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

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PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and *cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets* with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, *safe* relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—*without the slightest "doping."* Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say *Myzone* relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ *The secret is Myzone's amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound.* Try *Myzone* with your next "pain." All chemists.

COLUMBIA'S sensational dancing Star enhances her natural beauty with the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. For over a quarter of a century Max Factor ☆ Hollywood has advised the Motion Picture Stars of Hollywood how to solve their make-up problem. You, too, may have this same service. Fill in the coupon below and you will receive your personal complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart listing the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for your individual type.

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MAX FACTOR, HER MAJESTY'S ARCADE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. SEND ME MY COLOUR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART AND 48-PAGE ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTION BOOK, "THE NEW ART OF SOCIETY MAKE-UP," BY MAX FACTOR. **FREE**

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FAIR ☐	GREY ☐	BRUNETTE: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐	OILY ☐
CREAMY ☐	GREEN ☐	BRUNETTE: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐	NORMAL ☐
MEDIUM ☐	HAZEL ☐	REDHEAD: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐	LIPS
RUDDY ☐	BROWN ☐		MOIST ☐
SALLOW ☐	BLACK ☐		DRY ☐
FRECKLED ☐	LASHES		AGE
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• *NEWCOMER. Ann Ayars (pronounced Ayres), blue-eyed, black-haired, still in her teens, is headed for a big career at MGM. Her first picture was "The Doctor and the Debutante," her next will be "Nazi Agent."*

Vivid personalities
and so different

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

I HAVE just met and talked with two of Hollywood's most exciting new personalities. They are Marta Eggerth, actress-wife of the Polish tenor, Jan Kiepura, and Ann Ayars, teen-age American girl. Both are trained singers, attractive and talented.

Ann Ayars is a new kind of glamor girl. She's the sultry but youthful siren, has large, wide eyes, fringed with sweeping eyelashes, a becoming befringed hair-do, and a generally provocative air.

Let me recall her to you. She was Dr. Kildare's teasing patient in the recent film, "The Doctor and the Debutante," and, as far as I know, this was her first screen appearance.

Pleased with her performance, MGM cast her opposite Conrad Veidt in "Nazi Agent," then, quickly, into "Apache Trail," a Western now in production.

This black-haired, blue-eyed girl is still in her teens. The daughter of a Beverly Hills voice coach, Ann soon developed a fine soprano, and her father began to train her for an operatic career.

Indeed, it was her voice, not her acting, that first attracted a MGM talent scout. A screen test was followed immediately by a contract.

The Hungarian-born singer, Marta Eggerth, you probably know already on the screen.

Marta began making films in Germany eleven years ago, and appeared in several films in England from 1934. She met her husband, Jan Kiepura, while playing with him in the original German version of "Song Under Stars," and married him while they were working together on the English remake of "Tell Me To-Night."

• *COMEBACK STAR. Singer Marta Eggerth, Hungarian wife of the Polish tenor, Jan Kiepura, is appearing with Judy Garland in "The Big Time." Well known in English films, Marta has been off the screen for some years.*

With Hitler's rise to power, the pair retired from the screen and went to live at Zakopane, the most fashionable Polish winter resort, where Kiepura had invested his savings in a winter sports hotel.

The occupation of Poland forced them to leave—they managed to escape to America, arriving in New York penniless.

It was Kiepura who planned the screen comeback, but Marta, who passed almost unnoticed on their previous visit to the States, won the movie contract—with MGM. Her first film is almost completed—a Jerome Kern musical, "The Big Time," with Judy Garland.

Marta is a small, piquant brunette, with a foreign accent and an appealing smile.

• **For Private Views and special Film Cable from Hollywood, see page 19.**

Rid Kidneys of Poisons & Acids

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty Kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are **Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc.** Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health - destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 13 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: *"My joints were all stiff. I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."*

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! **Now in 2 sizes—1/9, 4/-, & 8/-.**

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

"DAMP-SET" your Hair..

Famous American beauty-chemist's way to keep hair in firm, lustrous waves and curls—always smartly groomed—never stiff, greasy or artificial looking. **Velmol** works on any hair, on any wave. Just 3 steps: takes four minutes and lasts days.

WITH Velmol

Film story of the Flying Tigers

THE exploits of the Flying Tigers, the famous American Volunteer Group, which last month began operations with the U.S. Air Force in China, after fighting as a separate unit, are being commemorated in a Republic film drama, "Flying Tigers."

This film, which has just been finished, features John Wayne and John Carroll, with English Anna Lee.

As tribute to the Flying Tigers Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is contributing the film's foreword.

Larry Moore and Ken Sanger, both real-life Tigers invalided home to the States, acted as technical advisers and also played small parts in the film.

Larry, who is fair, blue-eyed, and twenty-two years old, told me that he and his pal, Ken, were visiting Larry's parents in Los Angeles when the studio approached them with an offer of film jobs. The boys, not anxious for the publicity, shied, gave the wrong address—of a vacant lot, in fact. But persistent officials tracked them down.

Larry said that the original story was so full of technical inaccuracies that he and Ken decided that it was their duty to their flying pals to straighten out the story.

"Now we like the job, but we know that film-making is not for us. We are too restless and unable to concentrate with the war going on. We feel we should be fighting," said Larry. "Because of my heart trouble, brought on by rheumatic fever, and Ken's malaria we are not able to rejoin the Tigers, but we hope and pray that we find flying jobs here in the U.S.A."

Larry said confidentially that both Wayne and Carroll are fine actors, but are "much too old" to be Flying Tigers, who are all lads in their early twenties.

He showed me the studio-built planes which are substituting for real fighters, as the U.S. Government forbids the use of actual planes. They are made in the property department.

They do everything but fly, and look most authentic. Real flying shots have been supplied by the U.S. Government, which also donated a Japanese propaganda film of planes used prior to the war.

FULL OF LIFE

YOUR children, too, will be full of life if you keep them free from constipation. When they are constipated, give them NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, *natural* laxative. Children love to chew Figsen. It's kind to sensitive tummies. It's so *dependable and thorough*. Its action is so easy and comfortable—no nausea, no pain. NYAL FIGSEN tablets are good for grown-ups too. Figsen is one of the 168 dependable NYAL FAMILY MEDICINES. Sold by Chemists everywhere. 1/3 a tin.

The next best thing to Nature . . .

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THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

HEENZO Great For Chest—Nose & Throat Ailments—Saves Money

Save money by making one pint of the best remedy for chest, nose and throat ailments by simply adding a bottle of "HEENZO" to sweetened water. You take "HEENZO" internally for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and you will appreciate its delightful flavour and soothing qualities. For quick relief from Catarrh or colds in head use "HEENZO" as a nasal antiseptic. "HEENZO" used as a gargle is the best treatment for sore throats. "HEENZO" costs only 2/1 at all the best chemists and stores."*

Aunt Polly says . . .

The woman next door says her son comes home with so much white angora on his khaki uniform she wonders what's left of Nancy's sweater!

* * *

When you're figurin' how to make one coupon do the work of two, Rinso will give you a hand. Those rich suds wash so gently that the old clothes go on wearin' and wearin'.

* * *

My young nephew used to say he couldn't see any sense in saving—who wants money on a rainy day? But even *he* is putting all his spare cash into War Saving Certificates.

* * *

Tellin' a youngster it's just as easy to hang up his clothes as to let 'em drop isn't expectin' much of his logic.

* * *

One thing that's made livin' a heap more pleasant for me these last few years is Rinso. Glory be! You should see the time it saves. And my whole wash, a fair bobby-dazzler!

Its richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

Rinso

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Mrs. John Roosevelt

Mrs. John Roosevelt, distinguished member of America's First Family, is another lovely user of Pond's Creams.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor

A leader of the family which has dominated American society for generations, Mrs. John Jacob Astor has for years observed the Pond's Beauty Ritual.

Lovely women of America's leading families praise Pond's Creams

So many of America's lovely society beauties prefer Pond's two creams. Mrs. John Jacob Astor . . . Mrs. John Roosevelt . . . Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels . . . Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely du Pont . . . these and many other women noted in America for their loveliness. They keep their complexions flawless with this daily Pond's beauty ritual.

JUST TWO STEPS. Use Pond's two creams together as a complete beauty method. First, smooth a little satin-soft Pond's Cold Cream on the face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Pat, pat, pat it in with quick little upward pats, to soften and release dust and stale make-up. Wipe off, and your skin looks fresh as rain, feels soft as baby's.

Step two . . . smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. This pearly-looking cream gives a magnolia-petal finish that holds powder for hours.

Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels

California heiress Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels has red-gold hair and a soft, luminous skin. This lovely American follows the Pond's beauty ritual every day.

Pond's two Creams are sold at all chemists and stores in small and large jars—also in tubes for the handbag. Economy hint—buy the large jar, containing approximately 3½ times as much as the small jar.

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Government decides on simplified fashions

SPECIALLY DESIGNED to conform with the new regulations, this attractive summer suit is made in Molyneux fabric in a trim pastel-blue and white print.

NEW ENSEMBLE. Simply-tailored brown rayon linen spectator sports frock with patch pockets trimmed with regulation amount of embroidery. Over it a swing box coat in beige camel hair, 42½ins. long, 4ins. facing, and sweep of the skirt 58ins.

Fabric-saving styles which are smart, comfortable, and patriotic

Sensible wartime measure

By ALICE JACKSON

The Commonwealth Government has announced new restrictions on every type of apparel for men, women, and children.

These restrictions, which are designed to save fabric and manpower, place the fashion position in Australia on a similar basis to that already established in England and America.

THE new apparel regulations were compiled by a National Council for Clothes Styling, set up by the Department of War Organisation of Industry, of which Mr. G. T. Chippindall is director-general.

The council comprised representatives of consumers, designers, retailers, manufacturers, and the clothing trade unions.

Women on the council included Mrs. F. M. Forde, wife of the Deputy Prime Minister, Mrs. C. Green, Mrs. Alice Jackson, Miss Gladys Moncrieff, Mrs. Betty Keep, Mrs. H. Cathie, and Mrs. H. Dark.

The task of the council was to decide on styles which would eliminate the extravagant use of fabric, while providing for a wide range of simple, attractive dresses, coats and other types of wearing apparel.

Plenty of variety

NO attempt was made to standardise clothes. Within the reasonable limits demanded by the fabric and manpower position, the new frocks allow for endless scope and variation of styles.

The new "Victory Fashions" are real fashions. They allow ample scope for individuality.

Distinction of line, simplicity of style have always been the true foundations of good taste in frocking. They impart dignity and beauty to the most inexpensive little dress. The new restrictions are a challenge to your fashion sense.

"Victory Fashions" will allow you to dress charmingly and gracefully. But there is one thing they will NOT allow you to do. They will not allow you to dress extravagantly, and that's something to be grateful for.

Is there one Australian among us who would want to waste priceless shipping space importing unnecessary dress fabrics? Is there one who wouldn't urge that the only right and sane thing to do is first to make the fabrics already in the country go as far as possible?

Guns before gewgaws. Planes before pleating. Sweeping victories before sweeping skirts.

You can make a lovely, long evening gown with a mile-wide skirt and no top to speak of out of a dozen yards of material, but out of the same yardage you can make three smart day dresses and still have enough left to make a dress for a little girl.

So—you're going to do without that evening dress, and you're going to share up those dozen yards with two other women and a child. Isn't that O.K. by you? Of course it is!

But, you may say, that's quite right for cottons, silks, and rayons, all of which have to be imported, but what about woollens? We make our own, don't we?

Yes, we make our own woollens. I was privileged to see samples of the range which will be available next winter. Beautiful woollens they are, too. Fine and soft in quality and texture, and in a great variety of pretty shades.

But there's a lot of manpower and machine-power used "between the sheep's back and yours." So you won't want to be extravagant with woollens, either.

For the new "Victory Fashions" have a twofold aim—to save fabrics and to save manpower. Their object is to allow everyone to be dressed as comfortably and smartly as our resources will allow while we are at war.

Brides and babies

NO restrictions have been placed on styles for wedding gowns, and mothers may still satisfy their natural desire to make dainty, elaborate little dresses for their babies.

Maternity dresses are also regarded as necessary, and exemptions from the general restrictions are granted for people who are unusually tall or large, and this applies, too, to anyone whose physical handicaps call for individually designed clothing.

No restrictions are placed on clothing needed for religious orders, for ecclesiastical robes and vestments, and for garments for theatrical productions.

Exempt from restrictions, also, are garments for the Army, Navy, Air Force, and other Defence Services of the Allied Forces in Australia.

All types of apparel—outerwear, underwear, and headwear—for men, women, and children have had restrictions placed on their styling.

General restrictions

FOLLOWING are some of the general restrictions placed on the manufacture and sale of women's dresses. These restrictions apply not only to ready-made dresses, but also to those made by private dressmakers. Paper patterns must also conform to these restrictions.

Coats and dresses, other than children or girls, must not be made (a) with French or double cuffs on sleeve; (b) with double material yokes, excepting for school tunics; (c) with balloon, raglan or semi-raglan, dolman or leg-of-mutton sleeves; (d) with fabrics which have been reduced from normal width and/or length by all-over tucking, shirring or pleating; except in skirts when said fabric, after tucking, shirring, or pleating operations, shall not contain more material than permitted for sweeps as specified; and except for minor trimmings and tucking or shirring necessary for the shaping of a garment; (e) with inside pockets of wool cloth; (f) with more than two pockets; (g) with pocket flaps; (h) with scarves or other accessories considered as part of the garment, other than belts; (i) with hand or machine spoke-stitching or imitations thereof; (j) with hand-felled roulets; (k) with oversewn seaming by hand; (l) with machine or hand embroidery of all descriptions (which shall include, without limiting, applique, beading, braiding or fabric encrustations), excepting an area of six inches square on each garment; (m) with buttons and buttonholes other than those required for the purpose of fastening; (o) with seams exceeding one inch in width.

Continued on page 19

MR. G. T. CHIPPINDALL, Director-General of the Department of War Organisation of Industry, photographed at a meeting of the National Council for Clothes Styling.

CLEVERLY PLEATED. This trim blue silk frock coin-spotted in white is deftly pleated so as not to reduce the material. The hem is 2ins. deep. With it a wool jacket in a deeper blue.

MAXIMUM EMBROIDERY. Misty-blue silk printed with white daisies. Slightly bloused bodice has white yoke which features maximum amount of embroidery allowed. The skirt is tucked and falls into folds like unpressed pleats. The waistline is accented with a neat self belt.

SIMPLIFIED SLACKS. Bright blue worsted slacks impeccably tailored and designed without belt or cuffs to conform to the new fabric-saving rules. A blue silk shirt and beige angora jacket are worn with them. The jacket has two patch pockets without flaps.

JACKET LENGTH. Immaculate tweed suit striped in two shades of green and burgundy. The jacket is 25ins. long, and is fastened with four buttons (five are the maximum allowed). Skirt achieves fullness with inner pleats. All these styles conform to regulations.

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Editorial

AUGUST 1, 1942

SAVE RUBBER NOW!

YOU are being asked to save rubber to help meet Australia's grave wartime shortage of this vital material.

You may feel that the soles of an old pair of sandshoes are a ridiculously small offering in the nation's hour of need.

But if those soles happen to be part of ten thousand small salvages from ten thousand dusty cupboards they assume quite a share of the dignity of the grand total.

What's even more important is that saving that scrap of rubber will help to form the habit of thrift that is needed now.

When you're searching the cupboard you may light upon an old, leaking hot-water bag.

You may remember the rubber tyres on the ancient pram mouldering in the garage, the rubber doll that must be somewhere among the youngsters' discarded toys.

And you'll perhaps turn up a whole lot of dusty magazines and newspapers that could go to your nearest salvage officer, too, or even a bit of aluminium that was overlooked in the last scrap drive.

No bit of waste is too small to contribute.

Ever since the war began people have been asking one another and various authorities what they can do to help.

Why not join the salvage army right away? Promote yourself to sergeant or captain and get your whole street organised.

Persuade your friend two streets away to join up, too.

It's important. It's a worthwhile war job. It's urgent.

—THE EDITOR.

A.I.F. stages own concerts

SGT. BILLY MARTIN, on his concert "stage" at a Central Australian camp.

A FORMER radio entertainer is entertainment organiser for several camps in Central Australia, where there is no diversion whatever and the boys must make their own fun.

He describes the formation of his concert party in this week's "Letters from our Boys."

Sgt. Billy Martin in the Northern Territory to his wife in Fletcher St., Bondi, N.S.W.:

"THE whole of the company were at our concert last night and enjoyed every moment of it, so the captain wants me to run one every Saturday night, and he is going to get the cooks to put either soup or coffee on after the show.

"There is another company some few miles away, and he is sending me, in charge of the show, and a motor lorry out to give them this same show next Tuesday night.

"How is this for a bombshell! Last night a chap came up to me at the concert. We were, of course, at the back of the stage in the dark, and he said if I was short of artists he would do a couple of songs.

"I thanked him and asked what songs he would sing, and he said, 'Macushla' and 'A Pair of Sparkling Eyes.' He had his own music.

"Then I asked him his name, and he told me Sapper Lonergan, and as I went to announce him he said, 'Perhaps if you told them the name I used to sing under some of them might know me!'

"I nearly fell over when he said, 'Allan Priora.'

"So I took him out in the light, and sure enough it was he.

"Gosh! When he sang there was pandemonium.

"He said he would like to go around with me to get into form again, as it is eight years since he did any singing. He was as clear as a bell. Do you and young Mum remember him at the Haymarket when 'Pop' was there, also his brother John?

"I couldn't get a truck to take me to another camp the other day.

"Don't laugh, but as I passed the orderly room I saw the pushbike used by the battalion runner, so I said to myself, 'I'll ride this thing.'

"Inside an hour I rode that bike the three miles, did the business, and then rode it back again. The funny part of it is that I can start off all right, but when I arrived there I had to just fall off to stop it.

"All to-day in between duties, young Snowy, the orderly, has been showing me how to start and stop, and now I'm going all right.

"My concerts are improving now, and as we go from camp to camp I pick up more talent.

"We have Mandelberg, a solo pianist of the Isador Goodman type, and he is about the most popular item on the bill. I also have a chap doing monologues.

"Another star turn is two chaps. One plays an old ukulele a bit.

"Up here we say that if someone does anything silly he is 'Troppo.' These two chaps sing this damn song about being here so long that they have gone 'troppo.' It is a funny turn."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors; and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Pte. A. Bishop, previously reported missing for three months in Rabaul, now at 108th A.G.H., to Miss T. Stagg, Goornong, Vic.:

"FOR three months we were in the jungle, living on rice—lucky to get two meals a day on that.

"We walked three hundred miles over hills, and found a small boat that held thirty.

"The first night we started off and got five miles out, and ran out of oil, so got some floor-boards to row five miles to a plantation.

"After getting oil and putting to sea, the flywheel broke. We were held up a day, then rowed to shore.

"The worst time was when we hit three reefs, the water being only three feet deep. We had to step out and push the boat off.

"After three weeks at sea our first stop in Australia was at Cairns. The clothes we were wearing were shorts, shirt, and a pair of sandshoes, no socks.

"My hair had not been combed for weeks. The people wondered where we came from."

Sgt.-Pilot Mervyn Bell, on Australian attached to the U.S. Air Force at a northern operational base, to Mrs. M. Bell, c/o Mrs. G. Doig, Bearsden Ave., Newmarket, Qld.:

"THE U.S. Air Force have no N.C.O. pilots, so as far as they are concerned they consider us as second-lieutenants.

"We are housed, and eat, with the American officers at our base.

"The conditions are really marvellous, while the food has to be seen and eaten to appreciate it.

"When next I see you, you are going to have quite a bit of fun trying to make out my lingo, as I will be going all American.

"For instance, at five yesterday the captain said to me, 'Would you and your buddies like to chow now?'

"The officer in charge of our mess came to us last night and asked if there was any Australian delicacy we would like him to prepare for the morrow!

"The Americans here drink their tea iced, and we are a bit slow in taking it on, but the coffee is really good."

Pte. G. S. Watson at a Queensland battle station to his wife in Blackstone Rd., Newtown, Ipswich, Qld.:

"A PAL and I went to town last night for tea, but when we got there we had no luck.

"But we would not be done out of our meal, so we bought a loaf of bread, a pound of butter, and a tin of beef.

"Then we started out to find some place where we could get down to work.

"We had nothing to cut the bread up with, so up to a house we go to borrow a knife, and finished up with a pot of tea, sugar, and goat's milk.

"We parked down on the running-board of an old car.

"We just got going well when along comes a billy-goat and stands right in front of us and had such a sorry look in his eye I had to give him a bit of crust. That just started things going.

"We had to keep feeding him a bit every now and then to stop him from tramping us down.

"We soon had our fill, and the goat finished up with the beef-tin on his snout and looking contented."

Gunner Brian Moroney in Darwin to his mother, Mrs. J. Moroney, 1 Albury Flats, 4 St. Luke's St., Randwick, N.S.W.:

"THE last raid mucked us around a bit. The Japs bombed our position and we lost all our possessions, but we were lucky to get out alive.

"The bombs made direct hits on our position. Two 500-pounders landed twenty-five yards from my post, and we were buried in sandbags and rubble.

"We all must have been knocked cold, because the next thing I remember was the terrific heat in the post.

"I looked up and saw the whole place on fire. I got my gun crew out of it and then I came back to give Lieut. Brown a hand.

"Fair dinkum, Mum, Lieut. Brown deserved a V.C. for what he did that day. I saw him save two men's lives and half our guns and equipment.

"I don't remember much more, Mum, but we had some casualties and we lost one of our boys. But don't worry about me, Mum, I am quite O.K., although all that I own is what I stand in."

Bdr. L. B. Jackson in the Middle East to his mother in North Adelaide, S.A.:

"WE were issued some time ago with huge mosquito nets that are suspended from the roof and hang below the beds.

"First time I climbed under mine I felt like an Easter bride.

"The mosquitoes are nicknamed 'dive-bombers,' and we go to work morning and night with a fly spray we call the 'Spitfire.'"

Interesting People

LIEUT.-GENERAL G. BRETT

. . . Service honors

DECORATING Allied airmen recently with active service honors, Lieut.-General G. Brett, U.S.A., Chief of Allied Air Forces in South-West Pacific, officiated at a ceremony unique in Australia since it took place in the actual front-line area. General Brett was himself recently awarded America's D.S.M. for exceptionally meritorious service.

SISTER D. SMITH

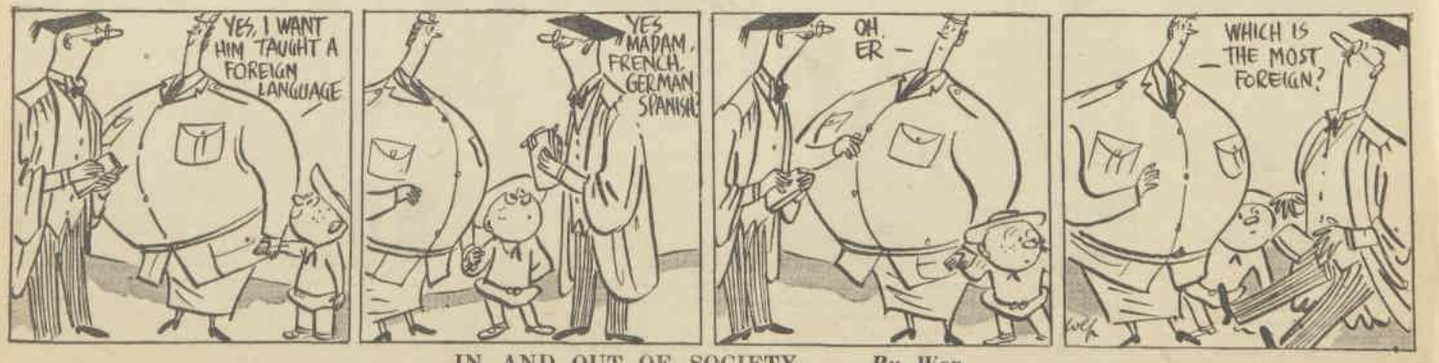
. . . First-aid post

SISTER DOROTHY SMITH, in charge of one of Sydney's main first-aid posts with staff of 52 nurses, was first nurse in last war to be awarded the Military Medal. Served in France with Queen Alexandra Nursing Service, and wears the Mons ribbon. Was prisoner in Germany for seven months. She is now an officer of St. John Ambulance Association.

CAPTAIN G. PERSSON

. . . food ship

SWEDISH sea captain Gustave Persson is commander of first ship permitted by Allied and Axis Governments to carry food to an occupied country in Europe. Under auspices of Greek War Relief Association he recently took Swedish ship Sicilia from U.S.A. with cargo of food and medical supplies for relief of starving Greeks.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 29. — Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 30.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, July 31.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, August 1.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, August 2.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, August 3.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 4.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

Eye-witness stories of the war

To-day history is flashed to the world as it happens. It goes into the home immediately.

There are men always on the scene to record it—newsreel camera men, war correspondents, and radio commentators—and all can say "I saw it happen."

As a result, the Macquarie radio network has set out to produce a series of graphic eye-witness stories of what is happening to-day—by men who have seen it happen.

This new series will be heard on Station 2GB at 8.45 every Friday night.

Each session will bring to the microphone some colorful international personality who will describe the graphic events of the day which he has actually witnessed.

In this way, listeners will meet men who have met Hitler. Men who have seen our soldiers in action. Who have watched the Nazis march into Poland. Who have seen human bravery so great that at times it seems unbelievable.

Each will be introduced by Mr. Fred Daniell, who will interview him and invite him to tell his story as he saw it happen.

With Australia occupying such a vital place in world strategy, there are more famous journalists and radio commentators here now than ever before. Mr. Daniell has secured interviews with many of them, and he will bring them to the microphone in a series of powerful word pictures.

Typical of these interviews is that of an American commentator who describes how, together with other newspapermen, he drove through ruined Warsaw in the train of the conquering Fuhrer, and heard Hitler address the pressmen, saying: "You see what a criminal offence it was to defend this city."

A Dutch airman describes the brave fight of a Dutch warship, and tells how the sailors, struggling in the water, watched it sink, and gave a spontaneous cheer as it disappeared from sight. It was a tribute to a brave ship by a brave crew.

Book Appeal

THE Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Daily Telegraph, is appealing for 50,000 books and magazines for American troops in Australia.

They may be sent to any of the following depots:

The Australian Women's Weekly office (front counter), Pulsford Chambers, 170 Castlereagh Street; The Daily Telegraph Voluntary War Work Bureau, Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, City; the Public Library, Macquarie Street; the Sydney Municipal Library, Queen Victoria Building; the Fisher Library, Sydney University; the Teachers' College Library, Sydney; the Forces' Reading Room, Hunter Street; Lord Mayor's Comforts Fund, Prudential Building, Martin Place, and Town Hall; Grace Building, York Street, City; Minerva Theater, King's Cross, and 164 William Street, City.

Country readers may rail their books freight free by writing to Box 4086W, G.P.O., Sydney, for a special label.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, aided by **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has smashed the Octopus Ring, and is now on the trail of **THE OCTOPUS:** Head of the gang, who is believed to be still alive. They follow a **BLIND BEGGAR:** Believed to be The Octopus, to a city building, and having placed **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, in a police station for safety, enter the building. There they are confronted by a figure, and a voice warns Mandrake that he intends to destroy him later. At present he has "other business" to attend to. Lothar dives at the figure and brings it down.

NOW READ ON:

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EARLY MORNING for the land-girl. Twenty-one-year-old Stella Edwards, formerly a home girl at Artarmon, drives Bridget and Lofty in the spring-tooth cultivator at Mr. L. B. Marchant's farm near Yanco. City girls are quickly learning to handle horses.

CULTIVATING CABBAGES with wheel-hoes. Land - girls find this exercise soon warms them on cold mornings.

PRETTY MRS. KATHLEEN HAMILTON, an English girl, is quick at orange picking. She spent her childhood on a farm in England, but had lived most of her life in the city.

Land Army proves its worth to Riverina farmers

How girls are helping to solve wartime food problems

By DOROTHY DRAIN

I have just returned from Leeton, where I went to see one section of the Women's Land Army in action. I wanted to find out these things:

Were women satisfactory at farm-work?
Could city girls be as useful as those bred in the country?
Were farmers losing their initial prejudice against the scheme?

WHAT I saw convinced me that these girls do a fine job of really hard work, and thrive on it.

That city girls are quickly trained, and are just as energetic as their country sisters.

That the orchardists and vegetable - growers in this area are satisfied with their women workers.

And to that much-discussed criticism that girls will never be able to do really heavy rural jobs I found this answer . . .

They can't lift a 180lb. wheatbag, or start a tractor first thing on a frosty morning, but that's not just because they are girls. How many city-bred clerks unused to hard labor could do it either?

But there are so many other jobs the girls can do that they can release what is left of rural manpower for such heavy work.

Five months ago farmers were sceptical that girls—and city girls at that—could help replace male labor.

Said one farmer to an official who suggested girl workers: "Sooner pay a man a pound a day."

"You know you can't get enough men," said the official. "Why not give the girls a go?"

"Oh," hedged the farmer, "I don't want a lot of women around drinking my tea!"

A brief explanation of tea-rationing and a week's consideration weakened the farmer's opposition.

Two days later he sought the official and said, "Shake. These girls are great workers."

That's typical of how scepticism has been replaced by admiration in many country areas in the State.

Majority of the girls quartered at Leeton are from the city.

From three to five months ago they were telephonists, typists, salesgirls, ledger-keepers, or mother's help at home.

"PRUNING gives some exercise to the brain, too," say the land-girls, who are fast becoming skilled at the job. Farmers tell them why they prune, as well as how to do it.

Hard workers

NOW they rise at 5.30, start work at 7.30, do a steady eight and three-quarter hours' hoeing, cultivating, harvesting, pruning, and picking, go to bed at 9.30.

All the girls I asked said they wouldn't change their job, and the best evidence I had of their health was the fact that they sang before breakfast and were still singing just before lights out.

When I walked down Leeton's main street at 6 a.m. it was dark, foggy, and freezing. I was in the usual city-bred pre-breakfast daze.

But you could hear the laughter and chatter of the land girls over porridge and bacon and eggs half a block away.

Leeton is one of a number of Land Army Camps. Others are at Griffith and Batlow, and more are being established. About 250 girls are billeted with their employers in various districts.

The Leeton Co-operative Cannery turned over dormitories formerly used for seasonal cannery workers to the Land Army, and also provide transport to and from the farms.

I rode out with a load of land-girls in the back of a utility truck along the Yanco road. The trees were etched greyly against the rising fog, the flat fields frost-silvered.

HIGH SPIRITS in spite of a cold, foggy morning as the girls leave the camp for their day's work on a farm seven miles away.

Clad in overalls, sweaters, gumboots and gloves, the girls tied scarves around their heads, called to driver Pat Clayton to "speed her up."

They sang—rather prematurely—"A Perfect Day," broke into one of three or four Land Army songs which have grown up at various camps. Then, while the wind blew even colder, a girl with a lovely soprano voice sang an aria from "Traviata."

This at seven a.m.!

Six girls alighted at Mr. L. B. Marchant's 64-acre block.

When he, with 500 other growers in the area, was asked to grow vegetables he brought 20 acres under spray irrigation. Most of it is now producing cabbages, carrots, beet, and onions.

"For vegetable work the land-girls are as good as men," he says. "In some work — carrots, for instance—where a lot of weeding has to be done by fingers and patience they're better.

"I've taught some to prune, and they're excellent pickers, too.

"The wheel-hoes first, girls, to warm up," called Mr. Marchant, and they set off at a run for the vegetable block to cultivate with wheel-hoes the cabbage rows—33,000 cabbages all told.

This week the job in hand will be transplanting 10,000 onions.

At first Leeton growers used girls only on vegetables. A spell of wet weather left the ground too soggy, so some were set to picking citrus fruits, others were taught pruning.

"You wouldn't get me back to my old job as a multigraph operator," fair-haired Betty Lee told me. "At first the townspeople used to think we were a great joke, and would call out to us, 'How are the carrots?' whenever we passed. Now we're accepted."

Mary Chapman, one of two engaged girls in the camp, intends to marry Sergeant G. J. Pratt after the war. Meanwhile she doesn't worry much about leave (given Saturday and Sunday nights only), but writes 15 letters a week.

Agnes Daly, of North Bondi, learning to handle a horse-driven scarifier, was a comptometer operator.

Pretty dark-haired Mrs. Kathleen Hamilton joined the Land Army when her soldier husband was killed in Syria.

Every night Mr. Bill Moses, cannery fruit inspector, brings a list of the numbers required by various growers for next day to Mrs. A. B. Pickering, youthful camp matron.

At Mr. H. J. Baulch's farm, red-haired Judy Murray, former dressmaker, put her view of farm work: "When I get married I'll get my husband to buy a farm, and he can do the housework," she said.

Mr. Baulch had two girls pruning peach trees.

"Eight of them clipped 1200 cases of oranges in four days," he said. "That's good going for clipping—which is done for export, leaving stem and 'button' on the orange as a seal."

Director of the Women's Land Army, Mrs. Frank Lynch, who has had experience as a Public servant in the work of training and settling migrant farmers, was at Leeton when I paid my visit.

Continued on page 18

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722277

Farewell...
Paddy Finucane

WING - COMMANDER BRENDAN (PADDY) FINUCANE is gone and Australia mourns this Irish hero as one of her own sons. News that he had died as gamely as he had fought, with a laconic message to his pals, "This is it, chaps," hit most Australians with a sense of deep personal loss. Finucane had become for us all a symbol of air-force daring and manly courage. As fighting leader of the first Australian Spitfire squadron we had claimed him as a brother. This is one of the saddest farewells of the war.

PADDY FINUCANE (centre), with "Bluey" Truscott (left) and Ray Thorold-Smith, two Australian pilots who were his great friends.

"THIS IS IT, CHAPS!"

NO tears for him, raise up the flags;
Stifle the poignant ache of selfish loss,
Would you have seen him fade, the sharp eye dimmed,
The sure hand trembling — or heard him tell
An old man's time-dulled tales?

I think from some Elysian field
A thousand silver planes took off to greet
That red-haired Irishman.
I think your boy—and yours—
Forever as you knew them, shining, young,
Shouted "Here's Paddy!" And down the wind
Age fled before the wings of splendid death.

—*Dorothy Drain*

FINUCANE'S FIANCEE. Miss Jean Mary Woolford, the charming young English girl who became engaged to Paddy Finucane last May. He proposed to her on her 20th birthday. Paddy was only 21 when his Spitfire crashed into the English Channel.

WITH HIS MOTHER. Finucane, D.S.O. and D.F.C. with two bars, leaving Buckingham Palace with his mother after recent investiture. His foot was injured in an accident on leave.

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The Incredible Jeep

from page 5

"MY head was hurt and my ribs were pretty sore and everything kind of fluttered around like it wasn't steady. But I kind of got up and started out again. It didn't seem like I was going very fast and I don't remember good. But pretty soon there was the headquarters building, and I went around behind and there was a man pouring gasoline and touching a match to it."

"What man?"

"He was a complete stranger to me," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "But I lunged at him and sort of knocked him over, and it seems like I put out the fire."

"Which accounts for the burns," said Harve.

"This first man ran," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "and then there was another man, and he hauled off and smacked me with his fist, and that is all I remember about it, except that I kept hollering 'Fire!'"

"I never heard such a rigmarole," snarled Mr. Stone.

"He always talks that way, sort of wandering around aimlessly among the nouns and verbs," said Harve. "Who was this last man that socked you?"

Ulysses Tecumseh hesitated.

"I know who it was, but I would rather not say."

"Huh," snorted Mr. Stone. "You expect me to believe all this infernal nonsense? Do you think a court-martial will believe it?"

"I told exactly how it happened."

"It's so blamed foolish nobody could make it up," said Mr. Stone. "Do you still think you are here because you made the general look like a full-time idiot? Didn't occur to you they might think you were a Fifth Columnist? Didn't occur to you it looked suspicious when they found you draped over a gasoline can and nobody else in sight? Eh? Didn't occur to you they might think you're the lad that tried to burn up the camp?"

"That would be very stupid of them," said Ulysses Tecumseh severely.

"You would be surprised to know how stupid people can be when the evidence is in their favor," said Mr. Stone. "That's why you're shut up in this gaol with a guard marching up and down outside the door."

He snorted. "And Harve dragged me down here to talk about some footling invention," he said.

"I guess I better quit invention. It gets me into trouble," said Ulysses wearily.

"I'm the kind of a fellow that's interested in inventions," said Mr. Stone. "But you don't look like you were in any shape to explain mechanics. No hurry. I calc'late to hang around a few days and watch them try to make a man out of Harve. Anyhow, they'll probably hang you." He turned and stamped to the door.

Harve lingered a second. "Keep your tail up," he said. "The old boy is a tornado on wheels."

. . . . . .

It was mid-afternoon when Ulysses started awake as someone touched his head. He looked up, to see Nancy Shelton.

"I knew," she said, "I'd get a chance to run my fingers through your hair some day."

"How did you get in here?" he asked.

"I have a pull," she said. "My uncle is a general."

"He must be very mad at me."

"He has a lump on his head," she told him. "So has the Assistant Secretary. He is all set to tear you limb from limb. He is investigating. He has called in the Military Intelligence, and the Secret Service, and he's thinking of hiring Sherlock Holmes."

"It is a very odd thing," he said, "but when that table clapped their heads and I ran away and hid in the woods I could not think of anything to do but find you."

"Aha," she said.

"I did not know what to do. I lay in the woods and then it came to me that you would tell me. I do not know why."

"I grow on people," she said.

"You did not grow on me. It was all of a sudden. I was going to come to your house when it got dark, but then these other things came up and I didn't get there."

"No, you didn't get there."

"No girl ever shoved her fingers through my hair before," he said.

"And lucky for you she didn't." She paused. "Did you like it?"

"It startled me, but I guess I liked it."

"Your latent possibilities," she said, "are coming to the surface." She was serious. "You are in a pickle," she said. "It is a bad pickle, because the army hasn't a sense of humor. Just start at the beginning and tell all. What really happened last night?"

He told her in detail.

"I thought it was something like that. So you were a hero and really deserve a medal! And you would gum it up so they're apt to shoot you at sunrise for it. If I may coin a phrase, Beanpole, you need a keeper."

"What will they do? Somebody said they'd send me to prison for twenty years."

"It might do you good, but I can't wait that long. My first youth would have faded. Now, who bopped you over the head?"

"I don't know."

"Would you recognise him if you saw him?"

"No."

"But," she said acutely, "you do know who cracked you on the jaw."

"There's some reason I ought not to say."

"What is the reason?"

"I don't seem to be able to know," he said. "It is a kind of instinct."

"Instinct is barred," she said. "My intuition tells me so. Who was this warrior?"

"It was a fellow that has picked on me, by the name of Broken-nose."

"I heard tales of how he picked on you," she said soberly, but her eyes danced. "The first time he picked, you flung him over your head, and the second time you belted him here and there with your fists. I saw that. Is he a Fifth Columnist?"

"I guess he must be."

"Was he with that gang in the woods?"

"I didn't see him."

"What did he say to you before he let fly?"

"He said, 'You crumby crumb. You had me fooled. Wit' a can of gas in your mitt.'"

"That was a funny thing to say."

"It seemed kind of funny to me."

She lifted a basket to the bed. "I brought you some things from the kitchen," she said.

"I couldn't eat."

"Nevertheless, you will eat," she said grimly. "I will now go away and take steps."

"What steps can you take?"

She did not reply to his question, but asked one herself: "You noticed a pleasant sensation when I was rumpling your hair? Answer 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Yes," he said. "I told you so before."

"To-morrow we'll take the next fatal step. If you like that, you're in the bag."

"What," he asked, "is the next step?"

"The next step will be when I let you hold my hand. And mystery is one of my charms. Commence to eat."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going," she said, "to make a play for your pal with the broken nose."

He felt an unpleasant sensation that a more experienced individual would have identified as jealousy . . .

. . . . . .

Ulysses Tecumseh, under guard, was marched to the headquarters building. The general was not behind his desk, but two other men were there, a major and a person in civilian clothing.

Ulysses Tecumseh stood against the wall. His head was going round and round. Finally he spoke. "I wonder if maybe I could sit down," he said.

"Pipe down," his guard ordered out of the corner of his mouth, but Ulysses Tecumseh's distress was such that he did not obey.

"It's like this," he said faintly. "When I stand up I come all over dizzy and I'm apt to fall flop onto my face."

The major peered at him. "Get the prisoner a chair," he said.

"Much obliged," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

The major turned back to the civilian.

"The Germans seem to have done the trick," said the civilian.

"Temporarily," said the major. "If England, if we, could discover a sure defence against air attack the offence would be immobilised again."

"The only defence against planes is more planes," said the civilian.

"Or some invention that would locate the attacking bombers exactly in the air."

Ulysses Tecumseh was interested. "But I can do that," he said.

The major scowled at him in surprise.

"Sure, I can. I got a gadget," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "I invented it for a speed trap. But if it will locate a speeder on the ground and take his picture, it would locate him in the air and take his picture."

"Pipe down," said the guard.

"Look," said Ulysses. "My business is a tinsmith, but I do inventing on the side. If the army wants a dingus to locate aeroplanes in the air I got one all fixed up."

"You've got troubles enough without thinking up fool inventions," said the major.

"I'm not a soldier," said the civilian, "and I'm not up on discipline and army etiquette. But I've observed one thing in this life, and that is that an invention is like gold—it is found in funny places."

"And a soldier trying to talk himself out of a jam is a soldier trying to talk himself out of a jam. This boy is in one he can't talk himself out of."

General Shelton came through the door. He nodded curtly to the major and his companion, did not so much as glance at Ulysses Tecumseh, and took a seat behind his desk. He was cold and grim. "Let's get to the bottom of this," he said. "Martin, will you question this man?"

Martin, it seemed, was the name of the individual in civilian clothes. He did not commence with a question but with a statement.

"Clap," he said, "your record since you were inducted has been bad. You have been a troublemaker. And, by chance, you have had a peculiar opportunity to demonstrate your talents. Now you have been caught in the perpetration of a crime. I am making no promises nor am I offering you any immunities. But the court-martial might take it into consideration if you come clean."

"If," Ulysses Tecumseh said in a weak voice, "there was anything to come clean about I would come clean, but everybody has made a bad mistake about me."

"You are a Fifth Columnist," accused Martin.

"I never even saw a Fifth Columnist to know what he was," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"You are a member of a cell in this camp."

"I am not a member of anything except the Elks back home, and the Chamber of Commerce and the Fire Department, and I was hoping to join the Masons this autumn."

"I am advising you," said Martin, "to give the names of the men who were in this thing with you."

"I don't know any names," said Ulysses.

"And the names of the people outside and how you communicate with them. How was all this propaganda smuggled into Camp Lincoln? How were these inflammables smuggled in?"

"Oh, I can tell you that. They were brought across the lake in a boat and they were hidden in an old icehouse."

"You know that much, eh?"

"I saw them doing it," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "but I did not know what it was at the time. I was on a picnic with Buster——"

"Who is Buster?" asked Martin.

"He is General Shelton's son," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "and I fixed up his electric train, and we went on this picnic."

"This plot," said the general, "seems to centre around my family."

"You were notified when this gasoline and propaganda were coming," said Martin, "and you used the general's son as a cover-up."

"The picnic was not my idea at all, but I was kind of forced into it. And I did not know anything was coming nor what it was—not until that table I invented banged the general and the other gentleman alongside their heads. And then I never was so frightened in my life, and I just ran, because I was afraid the general would skin me alive. All I wanted was to make something for the general that would surprise him——"

"It did," said the general grimly.

"And I hid around that icehouse and found out what was in it."

"Go on from there," said Martin, and Ulysses Tecumseh repeated his story.

"Now, let's see," said Martin, "You claim to be an inventor?"

"I have invented quite a lot of things."

"And you are a thorough electrician?"

"Nobody ever found fault with my work. Not even Mrs. Benton, and she is awful hard to please."

"Well, what I can't understand," said Martin, "is how a skilled man like you would be so crude. How did it happen you were running around with a can of gasoline and a match?"

"That," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "is just what I say. I would not have done it that way, because it is not how I think it out to do things. I would invent something."

"But you didn't invent anything?"

"I wouldn't invent anything to burn something up, but even if I would I was busy with another invention, and the more I think about it the more important it looks to me like it was. I think it would be a good idea if I could talk to the general about it——"

"You were working on an invention?"

"I am almost always working on one."

"Where?"

"In the place they call the day-room, back of the barracks."

"And in this invention you used wires and electrical devices and batteries?"

"Why, yes."

"But it would not set off a fire?"

"No, sir. It would set off a camera. It was a kind of a speed trap."

"But it could not be hitched to a can of gasoline, or a charge of dynamite or something of the sort—to set it off at a given time?"

"It certainly could not."

"You seem to be supplied with plenty of money," said Martin. "Where does that come from?"

"Well, I have a little money," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "but not very much."

"Enough to purchase expensive electric appliances and an expensive camera?"

THAT brought a wan smile to Ulysses' face. He explained:

"Oh, that was a kind of a partnership."

"A partnership, eh? And have you any objection to naming this mysterious partner?"

"He is not mysterious. He is a soldier that sleeps in my barracks."

"He has a name, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes. His name is Harve Stone."

There seemed to be something wrong with this reply, because it appeared to take both questioner and the general aback.

"That's bad, General," said Martin. "If he's got young Stone implicated!"

"We will have to let the chips fall where they will," said the general tritely.

Martin approached his subject again: "This invention of yours was innocent?"

"It was to help the police catch speeders."

"It certainly can be used for other purposes," said Martin. "The experts from the Signal Corps tell me it is one of the most complete and efficient contrivances for setting off a fire they have ever encountered."

"That is absolutely impossible."

General Shelton turned to a soldier. "Have the thing brought in," he ordered.

Two men carried into the room a contraption of wires, switches, batteries. Ulysses Tecumseh also could see a clock. They placed the device upon a table.

"Well?" asked Martin.

"But—but that is not mine," said Ulysses.

"Of course not. Examine it closely."

Ulysses Tecumseh walked unsteadily to the table.

"Recognise it?" asked Martin.

"I—I never saw it before."

"Yet," said Martin, "it was in your company's day-room. It was, in fact, in a box upon which you had printed your name."

Ulysses Tecumseh stood mute.

"Sort of winds up the ball of yarn, doesn't it?" asked Martin. "Now that we have you lashed to the mast, Clap, how about coming through with the names of the men who are in this with you?"

Ulysses looked very young and bewildered and pitiful. He groped his way back to his chair and slumped into it. "I didn't think things like this could happen to a person."

"How about those names?"

Ulysses Tecumseh raised his eyes so that they met Martin's hard, grey eyes, and he shook his head listlessly. "There just aren't any names," he said. "There just isn't anything—any more. But it doesn't seem right. It doesn't seem right for a fellow to go along all his life and never do anybody any harm on purpose—and then to go to prison for twenty years for it."

"Take him away," said the general.

To be concluded

MOPSY—the cheery redhead

"Young lady, you have been fined for traffic offences far too often!"

"It's kind of you to say so, your Worship. Will I get a refund now?"

Land Army proves its worth to Riverina farmers

Continued from page 16

CAPABLE and enthusiastic, Mrs. Lynch has a big job.

In New South Wales the Land Army was formed as a section of the Women's Australian National Services. O.C. of Administration for the W.A.N.S., Mrs. Lynch was chosen as Land Army Director when it was taken over in May by the Government, under jurisdiction of the N.S.W. Deputy Director-General of Manpower, Mr. C. Bellemore.

Since then Mrs. Lynch has travelled thousands of miles.

Biggest problem at first was prejudice among farmers, disbelief that girls could earn the money asked for them. Prejudice hasn't entirely died away yet.

"But," says Mrs. Lynch "supply of girls at first exceeded the demand. Demand now exceeds the supply—which at present is 400 members."

Age limit at present is 18 to 27, but Mrs. Lynch has decided to extend it to 36.

Standard rate of pay is from 1/3 to 1/6 per hour, according to work and conditions.

Farmers who billet girls deduct £1/5/- for keep if rate is 1/6, £1 if 1/3.

Before the girls go out to their districts they may receive from four to ten days' camp-life training.

"This helps accustom girls to community life," says Mrs. Lynch, "but training for the work is best undertaken on the farm. All farmers have their own methods."

By six o'clock, after the long day in the open air, I was exhausted.

But not the Land Army! Transformed by baths, make-up, and neat blue uniforms, they came trooping into the mess-room, gay and bright-eyed.

Presiding over the girls at dinner was Mrs. Pickering, matron, quartermaster, and bookkeeper, who enlisted in the W.A.N.S. when her husband enlisted in the A.I.F.

Then the girls gathered round the piano with 20-year-old Nancy Dyer, whose hillbilly songs are among the star turns.

It seems to me that if the health and happiness of these girls is a sample of the Land Army, the "drift to the city" may be a disappearing problem after this war.

How to join the Land Army

GIRLS, aged from 18 to 36, who wish to join the Land Army should apply at Women's Land Army Headquarters, 1st Floor, Ocean House, 34 Martin Place, Sydney.

If selected they must produce a medical certificate of fitness, which, with the approval of the Land Army authorities, may be obtained from any member of the B.M.A. for 2/6.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ SHIPS WITH WINGS

(Week's Best Release)

John Clements, Leslie Banks. (British.)

MADE with the co-operation of the Admiralty, this British drama of the Fleet Air Arm has some grand aerial and naval sequences that are both thrilling and realistic.

You'll find particular suspense in seeing the aircraft-carrier Ark Royal (since sunk) in an attack on German forces in the Mediterranean.

It is a pity there are not more action scenes. Apart from them, the film tells a commonplace story involving John Clements, a dashing pilot who loves Jane Baxter, she in turn loving another airman, Michael Wilding. The film opens in 1936 with the launching of the Invincible (as the Ark Royal is known in the film), and continuing throughout the war.

The cast is exceptionally good, all of them giving convincing portrayals. Among these are Hugh Williams as a German pilot, Leslie Banks as a sceptical Vice-Admiral, and Ann Todd, who cherishes hopeless affection for Clements. The film, however, could have been cut to advantage.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ JOHNNY EAGER

Lana Turner, Robert Taylor. (MGM.)

ROBERT TAYLOR fans—and, to a lesser degree, devotees of the gleaming blonde Lana Turner—will sit back and enjoy themselves thoroughly at this turgid romantic melodrama.

Taylor, as the debonair but cold-hearted crook, looks extremely handsome, also makes his role, which keeps him on the screen for most of the time, interesting and believable. Lana is pleasant and kittenish.

The film, however, is very wordy. A good many of the discourses between Taylor and Van Heflin, a sodden, poetic friend who persists in analyzing Taylor, could have been cut.

Stressing his romantic appeal throughout, the film casts Taylor as a criminal on parole who poses as a taxi - driver, but is really the town's head racketeer. When Lana, daughter of crusading lawyer Edward Arnold, falls in love with him, Taylor makes use of her to gain control over her father.

In the brief role of double-crossing crook, Barry Nelson as usual stands out.—St. James; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ POWDER TOWN

Edmond O'Brien, Dorothy Lovett. (RKO.)

PLENTY of action marks "Powder Town," one of those melodramas involving a secret explosive, enemy saboteurs, kidnapping, and a time-bomb.

Edmond O'Brien, playing in light-hearted fashion, is the absent-minded young scientist who is taken from his research laboratory to a big powder plant to work on a new type of explosive.

Victor McLaglen, in a typical role, is a tough, strong-armed powder-worker, who acts as O'Brien's body-guard. And there's a romance for each—Dorothy Lovett for O'Brien, wide-mouthed June Havoc for the burly McLaglen.

Most of the laughs go to Eddie Foy, jun., who plays McLaglen's devoted follower.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

Lon Chaney, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Universal.)

WITH only a trifling resemblance to earlier Frankenstein films, this is a morbid horror melodrama, to which I don't advise you to take the children.

The story resurrects the monster from a boiling sulphur pit into which he had been hurled in the last film of the series. The second son of Frankenstein (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) decides to do a spot of brain transference on the monster to make him an instrument for good instead of evil—and these surgical passages are on the gruesome side.

Lon Chaney in grotesque make-up plays the monster; Bela Lugosi is a mad shepherd; Lionel Atwill has the role of Frankenstein's jealous assistant.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

SURPRISE WEDDINGS OF TOP ACTRESSES

Viola MacDonald's HOLLYWOOD CABLE

THEIR surprise marriages of the last week brought Joan Crawford and Lana Turner into the news. Joan Crawford married Paramount's young actor, Phillip Terry, in a midnight ceremony at the home of Crawford's attorney, Neil McCarthy, at Hidden Valley.

The bride and groom took out the licence under their real names, Lucille Tone and Frederick Kornman, several weeks ago. Joan is now back in Hollywood continuing her role in Metro's "Reunion."

Joan was previously married to Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and to Franchot Tone. Terry appeared in "Ninotchka," and has since been active in programme pictures. His most recent film is "Torpedo Boat," with Richard Arlen.

Lana Turner married twenty-seven-year-old stockbroker Stephen Crane at Las Vegas, Nevada. The ceremony was performed by Judge George Marshall, who married Lana to her first husband, Artie Shaw, the band leader, two years ago. Lana told the judge: "Tie a knot that stays tied this time."

The bride wore a beige suit, but no hat. Fellow-actress Linda Darnell and Alan Gordon, publicity man, accompanied the couple on their flight by passenger plane. In fact, the pair almost decided to make it a double ceremony, but Linda changed her mind.

Hollywood, to whom Crane is almost a stranger, was completely bowled over with surprise, as everybody, even her friends, thought that Lana was interested in band-leader Tommy Dorsey.

Lana said that they hope to go away on their honeymoon later on.

* * *

I HAVE to report three divorces this week: Martha Mature sued second husband, Vic Mature, charging both mental and physical cruelty. She is seeking a settlement from his film salary. Mature is now a member of the coastguard, testing life-saving devices. They were married just a year ago.

Ruth Marx divorced comedian Groucho, after twenty years. She charged frequent quarrels. And Claire Trevor divorced radio producer Alfred Clark Andrews on the grounds that he ran up such extravagant bills that she was forced to pay them, and that he attended all-night parties without her.

* * *

MYRNA LOY, who married New York sportsman John Hertz some weeks ago, is still undecided as to whether she will resume her film career. This would leave Powell without a leading lady for the new "Thin Man" picture—which, in the meantime, has been postponed. Instead, Powell will have Kathryn Grayson as his leading lady in "Kismet."

AUSTRALIAN Sister Kenny has just arrived in Hollywood in order to confer with screen writer Mary McCarthy, who is adapting Sister Kenny's life story for the screen.

The silver-haired, strong-featured Sister told me that while three studios continue their bidding for the story it has definitely been settled that Rosalind Russell will portray the role.

Sister Kenny added: "I met and lunched with Miss Russell yesterday, and I consider that she is just right for the part, as she resembles me when I was a girl. I will be unable to remain in Hollywood to supervise the film, however, as more pressing work awaits me. After lecturing to a group of physicians at Children's Hospital, Los Angeles, I am flying back to the University of Minnesota, where I will start my next class for graduate physicians in the Kenny method of combating infantile paralysis.

"Meanwhile, my niece, Mary Kenny, will act as technical adviser for the film."

* * *

CARY GRANT, who married Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton a few weeks ago, has gratefully presented a church organ to the minister, the Rev. Paul Romeis, of the First Lutheran Church, who married them.

* * *

JOHN PAYNE attended the birthday party of his daughter Julie Anne at the home of his former wife, Anne Shirley. But friends who hoped for a reconciliation as the result of John's and Anne's meeting were disappointed.

* * *

GINGER ROGERS will play a Gibson Girl in the screen life of artist Charles Dana Gibson.

* * *

BILLY HALOP and Gabriel Dell, two of the "Dead-End Kids," are Army-bound.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **How Green Was My Valley.** Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatisation of book. —Embassy; 17th week.

★★★ **Louisiana Purchase.** Bob Hope and Zorina in sparkling technicolor musical.—Prince Edward; 8th week.

★★ **Corsican Brothers.** Douglas Fairbanks in Dumas' swashbuckling adventure. — Mayfair; 10th week.

★★ **Woman of the Year.** Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in refreshing romantic comedy. — Liberty; 7th week.

★★ **Son of Fury.** Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney in dramatic period adventure.—Plaza; 7th week.

★★ **Moon Over Miami.** Don Ameche and Betty Grable in gay color musical.—Regent; 7th week.

★★ **Design for Scandal.** Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon in frivolous comedy. — Victory; 5th week.

★★ **Remember the Day.** Claudette Colbert, John Payne in charming romance.—Century; 3rd week.

★★ **You'll Never Get Rich.** Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth in exuberant comedy musical.—State; 2nd week.

Government decides on simplified fashions

Continued from page 13

GARMENTS which can no longer be manufactured include: (i) evening wear, evening cloaks, evening wraps, bridge coats, dinner gowns, hostess gowns, children's party frocks (including speech night frocks); (ii) double-breasted garments, excepting children's wear and/or uniforms and/or overalls; (iii) riding breeches, ski suits, culottes and playsuits.

COATS, other than for children and girls, must not be made (1) with separate or attached hood, cape, muff, scarf, bag or hat; (2) with separate skirt or slacks; (3) exceeding the measurements prescribed; (4) with a belt; (5) of wool cloth with a separate or attached wool cloth lining; (6) with sleeves cut on bias, or with cuffs on sleeves, or with inside sleeve facing exceeding two inches; (7) with stitching used as a trimming other than a maximum of six rows of stitching on the collar, revers, and sleeves; (8) with more than five buttons or buttonholes for fastening; (9) with buttons or buttonholes on sleeves; (10) with facing exceeding four inches in width.

DRESSES, other than those for children or girls, must not be made (i) with coatee as part of a dress, ensembles (i.e., dress and long or short coat or coatee of same material) with separate or attached jacket, redingote, coat, cape or bolero; (ii) with a simulated jacket; (iii) with a separate or attached hood, shawl or scarf; (iv) exceeding the measurements prescribed in Schedule "B" attached; (v) with a lining known as a bodice attached to skirt of a two-piece dress; (vi) with a fancy petticoat, overskirt or apron; (vii) with a separate or attached belt or sash exceeding 2 inches in width; (viii) with a double cuff on long sleeves (ix) with seams exceeding 1 inch in width; (x) with a tiered skirt.

SUITS OR COSTUMES must not be made (a) All the prohibitions and restrictions of this order upon the manufacture of jackets and skirts shall apply in the said garments to the manufacture of suits and/or costumes; (b) with a separate coat or a separate or attached cape or blouse or vest or front to be sold with a suit or costume, other than a gilet not exceeding 6 inches in depth; (c) with a skirt exceeding the measurements prescribed; (d) with a skirt with a turn-up known as a hem exceeding 2 inches; (e) with a skirt with matching or contrasting belt, or with suspenders or braces; (f) with a lined wool cloth skirt; (g) with more than 5 buttons or buttonholes; (h) with buttons or buttonholes on sleeves.

Booklets containing full details of all restrictions with schedules of maximum measurements allowed will be obtainable later from the offices of the Department of War Organisation of Industry.

Attached is the schedule for women's dresses:—

DRESSES

Maximum measurements for size ranges other than children's and girls'.

Sizes.	XXSSW 10	XSSW 12	SSW 14	SW 16	FSW 18	W 20	FW 38	SOS 40	OS 42	FOS 44	XOS 46	48	XXOS'S 50	52	
BUST	30	32	34	36	38	40	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	ins.
LENGTH	41	42	42½	43	43½	44½	45	45½	46	46½	46½	47	47	47½	ins.
SWEEP—OTHER THAN WOOL	74	76	76½	78	79½	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	ins.
SWEEP — WOOL	68	69	70½	72	73½	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	ins.
HEM	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	ins.
SLEEVE CIRCUMFERENCE AT BASE OF SLEEVE	13	13½	13½	14	14½	14½	15	15½	16	16½	16½	17½	18	18	ins.

FULLNESS MAY BE ALLOWED FOR BUST.

Maurice Francis wrote it . . .

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LORD MAYOR OF MELBOURNE. Sir Frank Beaurepaire and his wife (left), with Mrs. H. S. Wootton, photographed at Hotel Australia, where they stay during visit for Sydney Centenary celebrations.

NAVAL OFFICERS Lieutenant R. J. Langley (left), R.A.N.V.R., and Lieutenant J. L. Nicoll meet Dr. H. V. Evatt when he visits Boomerang Club for Australian forces in London. Lieutenant Langley is well known in N.S.W. and Victoria, and Lieutenant Nicoll comes from W.A.

Heard Around TOWN

PLANS for marriage being made by Sue Marriott, daughter of the Edward Marriotts, of Neutral Bay. It will take place in about six weeks' time, when her fiance, Lieut. Colin Ross, has leave.

At moment he is doing a training course in Victoria.

Sue has given up her job in a munitions factory, and is now the guest of Judy Sayers at her home at Vaucluse . . . has lovely engagement ring of square-cut aquamarine.

Colin is son of the late A. F. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Balaclava, Glen Innes.

• • •

LADY GOWRIE will be guest of honor at musicale in Assembly Hall of Scots College on August 4 . . . women's committee of Parents and Friends' Association have arranged the afternoon.

All funds to Red Cross Prisoners of War Appeal.

• • •

FLIGHT-LIEUT. KEN HILL flies over from Melbourne to see his baby son, who is born at Royal Hospital for Women.

Mrs. Hill was formerly Nola Gough, daughter of the H. R. Goughs, of Strathfield.

• • •

ENERGETIC committee is arranging concert at Conservatorium on August 18 to raise funds for N.S.W. Dental Association's War Chest.

Artists will be pianist Eunice Gardiner, wife of Robert Curtin, who is one of committee, and Harold Williams.

Dental students at University promise to help to make concert success . . . girls to sell programmes and the men will take members of audience without masculine escorts to trams, trains and buses at conclusion of concert.

Committee suggest this novel idea because of brown-out conditions.

GUNNER DAVID WILLIS and his wife attend performance of "Watch on the Rhine" at Minerva Theatre. David, who recently returned from Middle East, has few days' leave in Sydney.

MRS. BILL DETHERIDGE comes from Gunnedah to attend wedding of her brother, Lieut. Marton MacDonald, and Sadie Law . . . bride is youngest daughter of the late R. M. Law and Mrs. G. Law, of North Strathfield.

Marton is son of the G. MacDonalds, of Rosebud, Armidale.

• • •

PIANIST Isador Goodman sends telegram from Melbourne to Mrs. Hope Gibson with details of his programm for musicale at Admiralty House this Saturday . . . will play Chopin music.

Dorothy Helmrich and Harold Williams have also arranged interesting programmes.

Funds for Y.W.C.A.'s special appeal for servicewomen.

• • •

LUNCHEON party at Prince's given by Mrs. O. Rennick, who comes down from Dungog for a few days with her husband, Major Rennick . . . while in town they are guests of her grandmother, Mrs. E. D. Buckland.

• • •

SOLITAIRE diamond ring for Pat Gibson, who announces engagement to Dr. John Begg . . . they plan to marry in four months' time.

INTIMATE Gottings

FINAL parties for Allies' Day Queens keep committees for the candidates on their toes this week.

Funds will buy medical requirements, equipment, and comforts for fighting forces of gallant Allies.

MONDAY . . . Mrs. Hubert Fairfax gives sherry party at Pickwick Club for Miss Yugoslavia (Margaret Lisyak), Miss Poland (Victoria Stempinski), and Miss Czechoslovakia (Sarka Steinberg).

•

Then follows dinner dance at Prince's for Miss Free France (Ludovia Ozou).

TUESDAY . . . Mrs. D. Lammers and Mrs. G. K. Kryger serve luscious Continental dishes at late afternoon party at Pickwick. Guest of honor is Edmee Monod (Miss Netherlands).

Few hours later is dinner at Prince's arranged by Mrs. Andy Berts and Mrs. H. D. O'Connell, also for Edmee.

•

Two dances for Miss Soviet (Liliana Nemchinova) . . . one at Sydney Town Hall and second at Paddington Town Hall.

Dinner party at Romano's *to fete* Miss Norway, dark-eyed Marina Platou.

WEDNESDAY . . . Mrs. H. W. K. Mowll gives luncheon party at St. Andrew's Chapter House for Marjorie Fay (Miss China).

THURSDAY . . . National Council of Women give luncheon party for all candidates, at Pickwick Club.

FRIDAY . . . Allies' Day begins with button sales in streets and ends with concert at Town Hall.

• • •

DIRECTOR of W.A.A.A.F., Group Officer Clare Stevenson, pays brief visit to Sydney and attends opening of National Defence League's Club for Servicewomen.

Later is guest at dinner at Pickwick Club given by her officers. Highlight of night is her announcement that Squadron-Officer M. F. Miller is now deputy director of W.A.A.A.F.

Squadron-Officer Miller, formerly in command of largest training station for W.A.A.A.F. in N.S.W., has left for Melbourne to take up her new position.

• • •

DIAMOND-AND-RUBY brooch which belonged to her grandmother is only jewellery which Molly Nailon wears when she marries Anthony McSweeney . . . her gown is of white lace and tulle, and she carries bouquet of white orchids and hyacinths.

More than 100 guests attend reception at Pickwick Club.

• • •

CALL in at Hotel Australia to meet that distinguished pair of musicians, violinist Thomas Matthews and his Australian wife, Eileen Ralph, who just arrive in Sydney.

Eileen hails from West Australia, but has lived in England for many years . . . is hoping to go soon to Perth to see her family.

Tell me that while they were in America they met the English composer, Benjamin Britten, who was staying at Long Island . . . discussed his violin concerto which Thomas will play here. This will be the first performance in Australia.

The music has been posted here, so arrivals of American mails are anxiously awaited by Thomas and Eileen.

DR. JOSEPH WADSWORTH and bride, formerly Alicia White, leaving St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay. Betty Considine is bridesmaid and Flight-Lieutenant Redmond Dalton best man.

AT SERVICEWOMEN'S CLUB: (from left) Carol Milton, of Canberra, Phyllis Ebbatson, Springwood, and Zelma Clarke, Geelong, at National Defence League's Club.

ATTRACTIVE Margaret Adams gives name-card to Major David Parker, U.S. Army officer, at party given by Young Contingent of Victoria League. To aid introductions all guests wear names.

SPRINGFIELD Avenue carnival on August 7 and 8 will be a gay affair, and proceeds go to two good causes . . . Medical Aid to Russia and Fitzroy Ward of the N.E.S.

Their carnival slogan is "Blankets for Wardens and Sheepskins for Russia."

Committee members are busy sewing every day at Medical Aid to Russia's shop at 148 William Street . . . when I call there I find Mrs. Susan Aird and Mrs. M. Vecsenyi engrossed in making sand mats for incendiaries.

"Expect to sell dozens on the stalls at carnival," says Susan.

• • •

AFTERNOON party at Prince's given in honor of Joan Fotheringhame, who graduates at Sydney University . . . hostesses are girls who attended Bethlehem College with her.

Joan achieves great honor in being first woman to receive prize for operative surgery . . . she is now resident doctor at Prince Alfred.

TWO magnificent orchids worn by Mrs. Nigel Love at reception at Pickwick Club . . . "grown in father's hot-house. Orchids are his hobby," she says.

Two hundred attend party which is given by Wing-Commander Love for officers attached to newly-formed Air Training Corps and their wives.

Guests include Squadron-Leader Clive Chateau, Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Harold Halliday, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham, Flying-Officer and Mrs. Hall Metcalfe, Squadron-Leader and Mrs. W. Vick, and Flying-Officer and Mrs. N. Knox.

• • •

FEW days in Sydney for Mrs. Garnet Malley, who comes up from Melbourne . . . she stays at Hotel Australia.

Her husband, Wing-Commander Malley, is a member of General MacArthur's staff.

Betty

PLANNING MANNEQUIN PARADE. Mrs. Rudolph Mueller (left) and Mrs. Reg Moses. Parade to be held on August 25, at Prince's, for Peter Pan Kindergarten.

AT UNIVERSITY. Dr. John Laing with Pat (left) and June Colman, who accompany him to graduation ceremony in Great Hall when he receives his degree. John is son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Laing, of Roseville.

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Tailored charm

• If you like looking clear cut and well groomed this stunning ensemble worn by youthful Warners' star Joan Leslie is an inspired solution. The tawny angora suit has limitless chic in its slender lines and high-buttoned jacket, and the audacious toning plaid of raglan topcoat provides a cheery flash of color.

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You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

WORN OUT WITH WORRY

If you are feeling the strain of present-day living, watch your step. Your brain is less alert. Your nerves are below par. Why? Because to-day's conditions—lack of exercise, unsuitable foods, strain and worry—sap your energy. War strain, business worries, household cares may be taking toll of your health and strength.

It is especially in these times that WINCARNIS is most useful. This famous "No-waiting" vitamin tonic fortifies your brain and nerves. Over 26,000 recommendations from medical men testify how WINCARNIS brings back sparkle and snap. The first glass does you good, makes you feel alive—alert—and vigorous. WINCARNIS is a delicious blend of choice, rich wines and vitamins essential to health. Your chemist sells it. Ask him for a bottle to-day.***

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever, SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
Bookkeeping (Farm Station, Mercantile)	Nurses' Entrance
Accountancy	Commercial Art
Story Writing	Dressmaking and Designing
Journalism (P'lance)	Shire Clerks
Advertisement Wtg.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Correspondent
Draftsmanship	Mail Order
Architectural Work	Window Dressing
Commercial English	Salesmanship
Com. Arithmetic	Engineering (Diesel, Motor, Radio, &c.)
General Education	

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

— Mail This Coupon: Cut Here —
TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list).
I should like details of your course/s in
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MY NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
A.W.W. 143 .....

BRONCHIAL COUGH!!

Just a Few Sips—and then—Relief!

Get to-day at any chemist or store a bottle of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—take a couple of sips and sleep sound all night long—your irritating cough or bronchitis is under control. Buckley's is by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all blizzardly cold Canada—one little sip and your cough is quieted. Use 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seemed to help.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

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Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of **Orlex Compound** and ½ ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off." ***

Eczema Vanishes in 7 Days or Money Back

Powerful Antiseptic Prescription Stops Itching Instantly, and Boils that Discharge are Quickly Healed

Now that tens of thousands know that **Moone's Emerald Oil** helps to reduce ugly, dangerous varicose veins, we want them to know that this wonderful effective agent will dry up eczema eruptions in a few days and cause the scales to drop off and disappear.

It acts the same way with any skin disease, such as barber's itch, redness and inflammatory skin troubles.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a prescription that has been successfully used for over twenty years. All chemists dispense it, and complete directions for home use come with each bottle.***

HÆMORRHOIDS Quick, Lasting Relief

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. All chemists sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.

LONDON FASHIONS

By ALISON SETTLE

Fashion Adviser to the British Board of Trade

● London still shows new models, but the number of them, and when they are shown, depends on the state of the workrooms.

LACHASSE showed their collection in the romantic setting of workrooms made since they were blitzed from the horse-boxes and State coach stable of the Earl of Rosebery, the ramp up which the horses went to bed being still one way of reaching the upstairs workrooms.

The number of dresses shown at these shows is infinitesimal: it is suits and then again suits. Such dresses as are shown for daytime wear have jackets over tailored lines.

Lachasse used as their main theme stone-and-white striped mixtures for warmer days, yet made of tweeds and worsteds to wear through many seasons. The best was named "Main Line," striped horizontally in fine lines, with two-inch insets worked into arrow patterns down the seams. The pockets echoed the arrow shape in vee-lines.

Throatlines are high: one black coat had its collar standing two inches high at the throat. Blouse lines were also built high, some with a tiny corner turndown in front, like the collar of an Edwardian business man. All lines echoed this raised feeling; skirts were built high enough (in front at any rate) to have a tiny belt slotted through at the natural waist.

A fancy linen brought applause from the audience, being a suit in grey-and-white zigzag pattern, whispering *size*, worn with a tangerine blouse.

The West End shops are now selling rapidly the dresses made with a great deal of fine workmanship, those that left the workroom before the labor problem became so acute. Those which sell best are transformation dresses, in which a woman can do her defence work during the day—working at the Red Cross, the prisoners' parcelling bureau, the soldiers' libraries, or what it may be—and which, by a trick, turn into dresses suitable for dining in the evening.

LIGHTWEIGHT wool frock designed by Marshall and Snelgrove in the new reddish - wine shade. The charm lies in its tucked skirt, which matches up with the sunray tucking round the neck. Grosgrain ribbon belt in wine and petunia.

INFORMAL Jaeger suit in cream-and-green checked tweed, with longish, neatly-fitting jacket and slightly-flared skirt that has seams at centre back and front.

Dickins and Jones, in Regent Street, star in this designing. An example is a soft black wool dress, with slim skirt and softly-bloused bodice. Off comes the bloused bodice when the working day is over, and under is a short-sleeved georgette top worked with lines of jet and sequins. Another plain black bodice, worn with a flared skirt, softly crushed suede and fabric belt in muted pink and black, unbuttons down the back and shows a totally different dress below, with scroll lines of pale green ribbon braid.

Government control

IT becomes clear that women want one of two things: either the beautifully styled Utility dresses, suits and coats with prices controlled by the Government, profits for makers and sellers cut to an absolute minimum; or clothes that are individual and marked out by originality and workmanship. Again, at Dickins and Jones, are being sold, as quickly as they come in, tunic dresses, with the major part of the tunic made in handwoven wools. The wools are made on handlooms and women can order in whatever colors they want.

Though it is obvious that leathers are going to be in very short supply with the enormous quantities required for the men and the women of the Forces, this applies to the strong leathers. The very fine leathers are still available for such goods as labor permits of being made.

The shops are everywhere showing lovely shoes in well-colored fine leathers, pump style for the most part, with roll ornaments. The actual working on the shoes, in curved edges, perforations, insets, is now reduced, but the simplicity of the shoes does not make them less good, but rather more so.

Felt for hats is very short in supply, and fine leather is a substitute which will have excellent wear, look equally suitable in town or country. Perky little deep-cut sailor shapes, with quills and miniature veils, sell best, also padded berets, some of them quilted.

WHITENS SMOKERS' TEETH!

Thousands upon thousands of smokers are changing to this modern dentifrice because it gives results they can see, results they can feel, achieved in a delightful, quick way that is easy and safe. Stains, tartar go at once. If you're a smoker . . . change to

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

to-day—it's a grand dentifrice and money-saver in one—and it's the *only* dentifrice that contains *antiseptic oils* of LISTERINE itself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff Itch and Scaling is a germ infection. Kill the germ and remove the cause with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.

New Powder Makes FALSE TEETH Hold Tight All Day Long

Now you can wear false teeth more firmly and more comfortably than ever. A new, improved powder called **FASTEETH** sprinkled on your plates every morning gives more comfortable fit all day. **FASTEETH** does not thin out or wash away. Try **FASTEETH** and enjoy better false teeth security and comfort. Get **FASTEETH** at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.***

THIS IS THE STUFF TO RELIEVE INDIGESTION

"I suffered with indigestion four months ago. I was bent double with pain and I was afraid to eat or drink. I bought a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder and took four doses. I can tell you there is nothing better in this world for indigestion. Since I took De Witt's Antacid Powder I have eaten anything, even pastry. I have recommended De Witt's Antacid Powder to other people because I am very thankful for the benefit received." Mr. H. L.

That letter makes you realise De Witt's Antacid Powder is indeed the stuff to relieve digestive troubles. In many cases *one dose* puts paid to after-meal pains, and never again will you be afraid to eat just what you fancy.

De Witt's Antacid Powder gives quick relief because it neutralises excess acid, the cause of stomach pains. It soothes and protects the stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest your food. Thousands say there is "nothing better in the world for indigestion." Prove this for yourself.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from all chemists in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6.

For Blood, Veins, and Arteries

Elasto REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical treatment, which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of "Elasto." Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the arteries become supple, skin troubles clear up, and leg wounds *heal naturally*. There is quick relief from piles and rheumatism in all its forms. This is not magic. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by "Elasto"—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is "Elasto"?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of *revitalising the blood*. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that "Elasto" is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of "Elasto" say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Relieved my Rheumatism and Neuritis."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "ELASTO" Box 1552E, Sydney for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of "Elasto" (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference "Elasto" makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

TREAT HEAVY CHEST COLDS with WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Cheer-bringing linens for home

● Make your needle work for you . . . Use it to embroider gaiety and charm into really lovely linens like those illustrated on this page.
They can be yours. No coupons are needed.

FULL description, including sizes and price of this enchanting set, given below.

Early morning tea or coffee set

A GORGEOUS cherry-ripe design is used most effectively in this delicious set for the early morning, afternoon, or after-dinner tray.

The set is obtainable from our Needlework Department with the design traced on superb sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

The tray mat measures 11 x 17 inches and the tea-cosy 13 x 10 inches. There is also a serviette to match measuring 11 x 11 inches.

Price 5/6 complete set (including one serviette). Postage 4½d. extra.

Purchased separately the mat costs 2/-, tea-cosy 3/6, serviette 1/-.

NO COUPONS are needed in order to acquire these ready-to-embroider linens for table, tea or coffee tray, and bathroom use.

Above you see the novel table mats with their garlands of flowers and leaves. Full description is given below.

At left Splendid opportunity to see beautifully designed guest towels in quality huckaback. They each measure 15 x 24 inches. See prices below.

Table mats

THE charm of place mats on a nicely polished (or painted) table is irresistible, particularly if the linen is gaily worked.

Nothing like bright colors to cheer you up, especially after a tiring day. They act like a tonic.

Now is your chance to work the unusually lovely set pictured top right of this page.

The embroidery is so easy, for practically the whole design is worked in stem-stitch. Stamens are satin-stitched, edges buttonholed.

Traced on very good quality sheer linen it comes to you in white, blue, lemon, pink and green. The centre mat measures 17ins. x 17ins., the plate mat 11ins. x 11ins., and cup and saucer mat 5ins. x 5ins, with serviette to match measuring 11ins. x 11ins.

Nine-piece set, comprising one centre, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup and saucer mats, price 6/9 complete.

Thirteen-piece set, comprising one centre, 6 plate mats, and 6 cup and saucer mats, price 8/9 complete.

Please add 6½d. for postage.

Individually the centre costs 2/9, plate mats 1/-, cup mats 8d., serviettes 1/- each.

Stranded cottons, price 3½d. per skein, in all shades for working above.

Huckaback guest towels

ABOVE are illustrated two very desirable towels, one showing an enchanting water-lily design and the other daisies worked in divers colors with their tender green leaves. Each towel measures 15 x 24 inches, and comes to you traced ready for embroidery in white huckaback.

No. 1 Design—Water-lily. Should be worked in the natural colors of the flowers in buttonhole, stem-stitch, and french knots.

No. 2 Design—Daisy. This, too, is lovely. It is so easy to work in lazy-daisy stitch and french knots, with a buttonhole edge.

Price 2/3 each, or set of two towels for 4/-, plus 4½d. extra for postage.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. . Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 401G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4068W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

SH!—

he's sleeping like a babe

If you are not getting truly deep, restful sleep—you need Horlicks.

A hot cupful of Horlicks last thing before bed has such a soothing and quietening effect. In addition, it has the advantage of being highly nourishing, and so easy to digest that it puts no strain on the stomach during sleep.

Horlicks is made from malted barley, wheat and full-cream milk—*one of the best protective foods.*

Horlicks is rich in protein, fats, carbo-hydrates and mineral salts and vitamins that build radiant vitality.

Drink Horlicks hot before bed, and have deep, restful sleep to-night. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the top is replaced tightly.

HORLICKS *for deep restful sleep*

H12

Good News From the Coupon Front

GENUINE Nielsen SLIPPERS

Only three of your precious coupons for genuine Nielsen Slippers! Nielsen's are made from Australian felt—that's the reason. At the same time, those three coupons will bring you the utter comfort of patented Nielsen soles . . . the beauty and variety of Nielsen styles and colours . . . the endless wear that comes from Nielsen fabrics and Nielsen workmanship. It's true patriotism to invest your coupons so wisely and so well . . . especially when it only takes three of them.

"Brenda" at 17/11

A GENUINE FELT NIELSEN SLIPPER.

COUPON VALUE—3 **COUPONS**

The Felt in Nielsen Slippers is a product of Felt and Textiles of Australia, Limited

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Fashion PATTERNS

CHARMING COLLARS, POCKETS, AND CUFFS.
No. 1.—Requires: ½yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Requires: ¼yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires: ¼yd., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 3516, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB ..... TOWN .....
STATE ..... SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 1/8/42

F3123.—Dainty little frock that is easy to launder. 1 to 4 years. Requires 2yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F3173.—Slim-making frock for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2135.—Smart boxy jacket with patch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3275.—Sweater frock with bright, contrasting skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2¼yds. for top, and 2⅛yds. for skirt. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3157.—Youthful style with contrasting yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4¼yds., and ⅜yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2265.—Tailored sports blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2266.—Simple button-down-the-front frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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Hearty-Appetite Recipes

● These win cash prizes for clever housewives in our best recipe contest. Try them all!

TIME and time again come requests for good but not expensive fruit cake.

This is the reason why Mrs. Jenner's steamed fruit cake has been chosen for the main prize.

It is good; inexpensive to make, too. Moreover, she has solved the packing problem in the recipe; this should be of particular interest to readers who desire to send cakes along to lads in the services.

The wheatmeal cake recipe from Victoria is a different type of fruit cake, and the recipe is sound and wholesome. Notice the use of soda with sour milk for raising action.

The ginger doughboys are quick, hearty sweets for a cold night, especially if there are hungry boys in the family. The lemon roly-poly is another recipe worth trying before the weather gets warmer.

Entries for this week certainly show an appreciation of winter appetites. The rabbit, liver, and kidney pudding is the sort of dish it's ecstasy to smell when home is reached and the wind and rain are left outside.

THIS CAKE brightened a dull winter's day. The roses are hand-made—royal icing piped around the tips of cocktail sticks. The boiled frosting is quick and inexpensive, and the cake underneath is a light, creamy sponge. See recipe for frosting on this page.

SOLDIERS' STEAMED FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 5½oz. flour, ½ teaspoon each of baking powder, spice, ground ginger, and nutmeg, 12oz. packet mixed fruit.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating each in well, then add treacle. Sift flour, baking powder and spices together and add, lastly adding fruit.

Cook in a 30oz. preserved fruit tin which has been carefully opened so that the piece cut out, when flattened, may be used as a lid for the cake.

Line tin with one thickness of greaseproof paper, put in mixture, and cover with two thicknesses of brown paper, tie down with string. Steam for 2½ hours. Remove brown paper and put into oven for 20 minutes to half an hour to crust. When ready to post, cover with the top of the tin and seal with sticking plaster. This cake weighs, tin included, 2lb.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. T. Jenner, Box 12, P.O., Moruya, N.S.W.

WHEATMEAL CAKE

One and a quarter cups wheatmeal, 1 cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour milk, ½ cup butter, 1 cup dates, sultanas or currants.

Mix the two flours, cream butter and sugar, add the egg and beat, then add milk with soda dissolved in it, then flour and fruit. Mix well together and bake in moderate oven about ¾ to 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Hodgkinson, Wy Yung, Vic.

LEMON ROLY-POLY

Rub 1 tablespoon butter in a cup of self-raising flour, mix with cold water to a smooth light dough. Roll out ½-inch thick on a floured board. Spread over with the following: 1 cup granulated sugar, mixed with the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Roll up, wet edges of the pastry, place in a greased oven dish, pour over it a cup of milk. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve hot with cream or cold with lemon sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Alley, c/o P.O., Mildura, Vic.

RABBIT, LIVER, AND KIDNEY PUDDING

One small rabbit (jointed), ½lb. liver, 1 sheep's kidney, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 onion, parsley, seasoning, 8oz. flour, 4oz. suet.

Make a stiff dough with suet, flour, and baking powder mixed with cold water. Line a large pudding basin with dough, keeping enough for top cover. Cut liver into neat pieces, slice the kidney. Fill basin up with layer of rabbit (jointed and well washed), liver, and kidney alternately. On each layer lay a sprinkling of parsley, seasoning, and finely-grated onion. Add a bare ½ pint water for gravy. When basin is full cover with layer of suet crust, wet edges, and press firmly together. Cover with greased paper, tie down, and boil 2½ to 3 hours. (You can vary this pudding by using mutton with mushrooms, veal and bacon, oxtail and haricot beans, or sausages, onions, and tomatoes).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Cunningham, 27 Horner St., Solomontown, S.A.

GINGER DOUGHBOYS

Two cups wholemeal flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 small teaspoon salt, half cup finely-chopped suet, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, treacle or golden syrup.

Mix into a firm dough with water. Cut, roll into balls, and place in a wide saucepan of boiling water (just enough to cover them). Boil for 15 minutes and serve with melted treacle or golden syrup; scalded cream is an excellent addition.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

DATE AND RHUBARB BAKE

Shortcrust pastry, ½lb. stoned dates, little ground cinnamon, 2 bundles rhubarb, grated rind of 1 lemon, castor sugar, little beaten egg.

Wipe and cut rhubarb into small pieces. Clean and stone the dates and cut into halves. Line a shallow tin with short pastry; spread with a generous layer of rhubarb and dates. Add rind and cinnamon over fruit and top with thinly-rolled pastry. Press down well and slightly score the top in criss-cross fashion. Bake for ½ hour until the pastry is well browned. Remove from the oven. Brush over with the slightly-beaten egg. Dredge with castor sugar and return to the oven for a few moments. Serve hot with whipped cream or thick custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Dwyer, 143 George St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

FISH PANCAKES

Pour 1½ cups boiling milk over 1½ cups fine white or brown breadcrumbs, add 2 level tablespoons butter, salt and pepper to taste. Let stand until milk is absorbed. Add the grated rind of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon very finely-chopped parsley, ½ cup finely-chopped cooked fish, ½ cup flour, and 3 level teaspoons baking powder. Rub a little butter in the bottom of a small fry pan and let get very hot without burning. Drop some of the mixture in pan and spread out with a spoon. When the pancake is full of bubbles turn carefully and cook the other side. Serve very hot with a slice of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Lawson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

BAKED TRIPE AND LENTIL ROLL

Simmer 1½lb. prepared tripe in the piece till tender (2 or 3 hours). Simmer ½lb. lentils and 1 large finely-chopped onion for ½ hour, then mash and mix with ½ cup breadcrumbs and 1 beaten egg, and season with salt and pepper. With this stuff the tripe roll and secure with skewers or thread. Place in casserole, pour stock from tripe around it, and sprinkle roll with flour, salt and pepper. Dot with butter and bake 1 hour; bake tomatoes around roll, rashers bacon on top. Serve very hot with mashed potatoes, peas or beans. Make gravy from stock with tomato sauce. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Shields, Mitchell St., Wee Waa, N.S.W.

BOILED FROSTING

One and three-quarter cups sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, flavoring.

Place the sugar, water, unbeaten egg-whites in a basin or double saucepan and beat over boiling water until the mixture just holds its shape. Add the lemon juice and flavoring and spread quickly over the cake. If this is not done quickly the mixture sets and will not spread smoothly.

Note: This is sufficient for filling and covering a large sponge sandwich.

Variations: Add various flavorings as vanilla, peppermint, almond essence, or orange rind, lemon rind, melted chocolate, coffee essence, 1 or 2 tablespoons golden syrup, spices with caramel essence. Chopped marshmallows may be added just before spreading. The frosting may be tinted cream or pale green or pink or apricot; this must be done quickly.

Kitchen Cut-outs

Basic Recipe No. 10.

FRITTERS

(Sweet or Savory)

Four ounces flour, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, ½ cup warm water.

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder. Make a well in the centre of the flour and gradually stir in the egg-yolk and warm water. Mix to a smooth batter and then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Add sweet or savory foods to be coated with batter. Deep fry in fuming fat until a golden brown, from 3 to 5 minutes, using an iron spoon to lower the fritters into the fat. Drain on crumpled kitchen paper and serve at once.

Variations

Fruit Slice Fritters: Dip slices of apple, banana, pineapple, peach in the batter. The batter may be flavored with spice. Sprinkle with sugar or sugar and spice before serving.

Fruit Puff Balls: Add to the batter shredded fruit such as pineapple or apple or mixed fruit salad, berries or passionfruit pulp. Deep fry in spoonfuls and sprinkle with sugar.

Meat Fritters: Dip slices of cooked meat or spoonfuls of minced meat in the batter. Flavor the batter with finely-chopped parsley or onion or herbs, chutney or sauce.

Cheese Fritters: Add half cup of grated cheese, cayenne pepper and celery salt to the batter and 1 teaspoon minced onion. Fry in spoonfuls and serve with savory white sauce.

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More meat for less money!

● A stew by almost any other name certainly has more appetite appeal . . . Re-label it as fricassee, haricot, or goulash, or announce it as braised meat a la Arabella. Notice the family sit up and take notice while you flourish the serving spoon in triumph!

HOW HUNGRY are you? This plate will both tempt and satisfy the appetite. It's an economy dish, too—the chops are braised and the carefully cooked vegetables go a long way prepared like this.

DO you recognise anyone in the following short act?

SCENE: Busy butcher's shop.

TIME: Just before closing.

PERSONNAE: Middle-aged butcher, young married woman, me (patiently waiting).

DIALOGUE:—

Y.M.W.: "Three short-loin chops, please."

M.A.B. (leaning across the counter with fierce gleam in his eye): "Madame, the short-loin chop is one of 150 cuts of meat. The customer is always right, but (hysterically) every woman under 30 this day has asked for short-loin chops."

Y.M.W. (coldly): "It's tender meat I want."

M.A.B. (very slowly): "Madame, I'm only a mere man, but may I suggest braising or a little stewing with . . ."

Y.M.W.: "My family does not like stews."

M.A.B. (the orator aroused): "Ah! But there are stews and stews. AND a little artistry can make a little money go a long way."

Y.M.W. (getting interested): "My meat bill is disgustingly high."

M.A.B. (warming up): "And remember the best-known cuts cost more only because they are rushed."

Y.M.W.: "Well, thanks for the chops. You can tell me some more to-morrow."

M.A.B. (to me): "Lady, sorry to keep you waiting. But do you know . . ."

Well! Well! They tell me it's honest good food men hanker for, but it is a fact that many of them do look downcast when the stew is put on the table. Let's try the scientific approach and remind the family that the cheaper cuts of meat are just as valuable as the more expensive, and that long, gentle cooking makes meat tender and develops flavor.

Or let's try the artistic approach and prove that stews can be interesting.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS,** our food and cookery expert

SHARP SPICED CHOPS

Six chump chops, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice (or vinegar), 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 sprig of rosemary (or fresh thyme), few peppercorns, 1 clove, pinch of nutmeg, pinch of allspice, pepper and salt.

Trim the chops and fry in the dripping until lightly browned. Remove from pan and add the flour. Brown well and add the water and other ingredients. Pour this sauce over the chops and cook very slowly in a heavy, tightly-lidded pan or casserole for 1½ to 2 hours.

RABBIT AUSTRALIS

One rabbit, 1 onion, few peppercorns, curl of lemon rind, few sprigs of parsley, 1 sprig of mint, slice of lemon, boiling water, pepper and salt, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, chopped parsley.

Joint the rabbit and soak for half an hour in cold salted water. Drain and place in pan or casserole with sliced onion, lemon rind, slice of lemon, parsley, mint, and peppercorns. Season and cover with boiling water. Cover and simmer gently for 1½ hours. Lift rabbit onto hot service dish. Melt butter, stir in flour, and then stir in the milk and an equal quantity of strained rabbit stock. Bring to the boil, season, and simmer a few minutes, and then pour over rabbit and sprinkle with parsley.

DELICATELY FLAVORED fricassee of rabbit is the highlight of this dinner-plate. The potato was baked in its jacket while the rabbit was cooking, then sliced, sprinkled with cheese, and toasted for a minute.

BRAISED OLIVES OF BEEF

One and a half pounds cheaper steak such as skirt or chuck or bladebone, cut thinly, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon bacon fat or well-flavored dripping, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, ½ teaspoon mixed horseradish, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pepper and salt, milk to mix. One tablespoon dripping (for browning meat), 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ pint water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar.

Cut the meat into neat four-inch squares. Combine the ingredients for the filling and pile on the meat. Tie or skewer into neat rolls. Brown in fat, and then add the flour, water, and vinegar, and season. Cook very slowly in a tightly-lidded pan or casserole for 1½ hours.

MINCED MUTTON FLORENTINE

One pound minced mutton (or any white meat), 1 sliced onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 pint well-flavored white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, finely-chopped cooked spinach, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, toast triangles.

Saute the onion slices in the butter for a few minutes without browning. Add the mutton and, if uncooked, cook until it just changes color, stirring well. Add the sauce and simmer gently for five to ten minutes. Pour into a greased casserole and cover with a layer of spinach. Sprinkle with cheese and brown lightly in oven or under griller. Serve with toast and sliced egg.

BRAISED STUFFED LIVER

One lamb's fry, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon chopped thyme or marjoram, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon melted bacon fat, little milk, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 cup boiling water, pepper and salt.

Soak the fry for 30 minutes. Dry and slice 2 pockets in the meat. Combine the crumbs, herbs, onion, bacon fat, and moisten with milk. Fill the pockets and tie into shape. Flour and season well and brown in the fat. Place in casserole. Add the water. Simmer gently for one hour. Serve with apple sauce.

VEAL GOULASH

Two pounds breast of veal, 1 large onion, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup cold water, 1 large tomato, ½ cup sour cream, 8 small new potatoes.

Cut the veal into cubes and brown lightly in the fat. Add the chopped onion and cook without browning for 2 or 3 minutes. Add the seasonings and water and simmer gently for 1½ hours. Add the sliced tomatoes and then stir in the flour blended in the cold water. Bring to the boil. Place the potatoes on top. Cook a further 20 minutes or until the potatoes are just tender. Add the cream just before serving.

PERSIAN CASSEROLE

Two pounds boned shoulder of mutton, ½ cup vinegar, 1 large onion, 1 teaspoon salt, water, and tiny bag of herbs (parsley, bay leaf, mint, thyme), 1 cup cooked rice, ½ cup raisins, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, few chopped nuts, little grated cheese.

Dice the meat and marinade for a few hours with the vinegar, sliced onions, and salt. Add sufficient water to barely cover and place the herb bag in the centre. Simmer gently for 1½ hours. Remove the herb bag. Add the rice and the raisins and cinnamon, and cook a further half-hour. Serve piping hot; sprinkle with nuts and cheese.

SAVORY CREAMED TRIPE (with Cheese Rolls)

One and a half pounds tripe, 1 large onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, pinch of nutmeg, pinch of allspice, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, boiling water, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, crisp cheese rolls (or add 1 tablespoon sharp grated cheese to the tripe before serving).

Blanch the tripe for 3 minutes in boiling water. Drain, cut into neat squares and place in pan or casserole with the seasonings and just enough water to barely cover. Simmer until tender, about 1 hour. Drain off half the liquid, add the milk and the flour blended with a little cold water. Simmer 3 minutes. Add parsley. Serve piping hot with hot, crisp cheese rolls.

GIVE A MAN man's food. Here it is, a dish of braised olives of beef, cabbage, potatoes, and for extra measure diced turnips. The tomato gives it color.

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CONSTANT WORRY or fear is destructive, undermining health and happiness. But action, absorption in the common task, can banish fear, eliminate worry from the mind.

WORK—*an antidote to fear*

. . . By MEDICO

YOU have all experienced fear at some time, but probably have never analysed its reaction on your system.

Fear, in wartime, is on a larger and more destructive scale. We have been at war for nearly three years now, and the strain and anxiety have not lessened. With many of us it has increased. Yet "morale" still plays the biggest role.

It is of the greatest urgency that we should realise its importance, and control our emotions and fears, however greatly we may feel they are justified.

Fear is a natural reaction, but one to be mastered. When one gives in to it, panic and disorder follow—panic among your fellow men, disorder in yourself.

Used intelligently fear can be a weapon, an incentive to work.

It makes your heart beat more forcibly; the muscles are stimulated, and your body's resources are ready for flight or fight, panic or high morale.

There is always a thin margin between the two, as any man who has been through fighting will tell you. Often nature makes her own decision, action following as an unconscious reaction to fear; but the choice remains with you.

Constant fear and worry are destructive, undermining health and happiness. Emotions are serious factors in causing illness, but they can be controlled. In most cases of emotional disturbances there is nothing organically wrong; it is a lack of will-power and determination. Many people will not realise this, and so fail to see that their own fears are making them ill.

Emotions and disease are closely linked. Pent-up, repressed anxiety and fear which are not discharged in action find their outlet in disease.

When any kind of fear or emotion takes hold of you, absorb your mind in whatever you are doing, whether it is an office job, nursing or housework. It must be discharged, and it is far better "worked-off" than for you to "go off"—on the sick list.

Have brighter, gayer gardens . . .

● In a few weeks' time spring will come bounding in like a bright, frisky, lovely lamb, and gardeners will have plenty to do in the cleaning line if they want to do their usual spring planting.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

WINTER manuring and digging should have been finished long ago, but if you were unable to do this at the right time do it now, but use only rotted manure.

Your spring plantings and sowings will not appreciate fresh manure, which causes burning and injury, often death, to most forms of plant life. All those compost pits or heaps you made last summer will be ready for opening now.

Use the decayed vegetable matter from pits and heaps to enrich your flower and vegetable plots, and if unbalanced so far as quality is concerned, that is, consisting entirely of rotted vegetable matter, add some sulphate of ammonia, some superphosphate and lime, mixing well together when digging the compost into the garden.

And protect any precocious plants that may have peeped through early with glass covers, or screen them from possible late frosts with hessian or bagging. Keep the soil cultivated with the Dutch or scratch hoe.

Well-cultivated soil, particularly if of a heavy texture, is always much warmer when worked into a condition of good tilth. Break up clods and crusted surfaces as finely as possible in order to admit air, oxygen, and sunshine.

Get your seed-beds and seed-boxes ready for spring sowings of half-hardy annuals such as asters, amaranthus, celosia, dimorphotheca aurantiaca, annual gaillardias, helichrysum, kochia, lobelia, lychnis, matthiola annua, mimulus, petunia, phlox drummondii, portulaca, scabiosa, marigolds, zinnias.

Prepare some leaf-mould for these boxes by scraping round azalea, lilac, philadelphus, and other shrubs, or under oak, beech, and other deciduous trees. And sterilise some soil by baking or steaming, and fill your seed-boxes well ahead of sowing-time, and then this job will be done properly.

Fill those empty border beds with nemesia, lobelia, ageratum and other seedlings, and set out more perennials such as delphiniums (crowns), campanulas (particularly pyramidalis), michaelmas daisies, phlox and poppies, chrysanthemums.

Build up the iris beds with big clumps, those gorgeous flowers will preen themselves in spring-time and during summer months if given a decent chance to develop root-growth in late winter.

For bigger blooms

FEED up the stocks with weak liquid manure; they appreciate a little feeding. They like lime, too, but don't mix their drinks—that spells disaster in the plant world.

Keep the iceland poppy plants tidy, going over them every day or two to remove the spent flowering stems. Any pods that may set now will rob the plants of much-needed nourishment (and additional flowers) if allowed to mature.

Set out plants of the English foxglove under trees or in the shade of a hedge. They belong to the hedgerows of old England and revel in shade during our early summer.

Skip over the wallflower beds and clip off any spent stems. This plant often makes a good second crop of bloom in late spring if the spent stems are cleaned up.

And when you are filling gaps in the rockeries, try the new lavender-colored alyssum, also catmint, the lovely blue gentians, any of the verbenas, the dwarf-bearded irises, heeria rosea (a lovely herbaceous plant that flowers in winter), primulas, and polyanthuses.

IT IS NOT too late in cool and temperate climes to plant the glorious prunus. But do it now!

Make a massed bed this spring of the bright-colored linaria. The flowers are like tiny snapdragons, but you never saw Madame Antirrhinum decked out in such colors as Mademoiselle Linaria has selected for her spring preening. Get the hybrid linarias and you'll never be without them, for they cast their seed generously.

Make the garden gay and bright in every way. Let every brilliant colorful flower display itself to the fullest advantage—let it preen, let it make a "show" of itself if it likes—that's the art of spring gardening.

Winter and Summer alike these 2 *Wheat* Foods are Vital

WINTER and Summer alike, these two popular breakfast foods are essential to your child's health. Containing those body-building, energy-giving elements that are found in pure whole wheat—and which scientists say children MUST HAVE to enjoy radiant vitality and perfect physical fitness—they ensure sturdy growth and help to build up inner resistance to Winter ills and chills. Because of this you should serve Weet-Bix, or Bixies, ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND—with cold milk or stewed fruits in the Summer and HOT milk in the Winter. Equally delicious whichever way you serve them and so much quicker . . . Obtainable from all grocers.

BIXIES

. . the popular "Good-morning" breakfast that thousands enjoy. Crisp browned flakes of pure whole wheat made extra delicious and extra good by the addition of malt and honey!

★ For regular health, every child needs "bulk" or roughage. Weet-Bix and Bixies contain roughly 12% bran, the great natural enemy of constipation.

WEET-BIX . . . For those who prefer crisply cooked whole wheat flakes in "biscuit" form. Flavoured with malt and ready to serve with hot or cold milk, or spread with butter.

SERVE THEM HOT ON COLD MORNINGS

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Some practical hints on

CURTAIN CARE

● Fresh-looking curtains frame windows more attractively than limp, weary, dust-laden drapes. So what about taking them on a little spring-cleaning spree?

—Says OUR HOME DECORATOR.

CONTRARY to general belief, frequent washing preserves the life of curtains fashioned of muslin, net, organdie, voile, marquisette, and the like. So wash them often.

Curtains made from these fabrics should be soaked for at least an hour in cold water, and then lifted into a bath of fresh, cold water and rinsed in this before scalding. No need to boil them. Instead, prepare cold suds in copper, bring suds slowly to boil, and as soon as the water comes to the boil pop in curtains (after turning off heat or raking out the fire) and let them lie in the suds until water is cool enough to put in one's hands.

Don't use a stick to lift from copper. Use your hands.

Several successive rinses should follow and then the curtains should be lightly or stiffly starched before drying.

Starching gives fabrics a smooth surface which makes them more resistant to dirt.

Artificial silk curtains should not be soaked or scalded. Rinse through in cold water and then put through tepid suds as you would your precious woollies. Handle gently to avoid splitting.

Rinse well, don't put through wringer, and dry in such a manner that the weight is evenly distributed.

Cretonne, cottage weave, and all patterned curtains should be carefully laundered in the same manner as those made from artificial silks. A color test should be made before the first wash. They may run unless the fabric is guaranteed "fast." If not fast, it is necessary to set colors before washing and they should be "fixed" after washing. This, of course, is a special process.

After washing color-fast curtains, it is wiser to roll them finally in towels to get out the last drop of moisture in case there is any chance of colors running.

CHINTZ is one of the loveliest fabrics for window decoration. Provided the colors are guaranteed "fast," chintz curtains can be laundered when they become soiled and dust-laden, but the highly-glazed surface cannot be completely restored by the housewife. Some hints on washing them are given in the article on this page.

Chintz and glazed chintz should be washed in the same way, but after washing they must be heavily starched in order to give body to the fabric.

They must be ironed very heavily on the right side.

Heavy curtains should only be washed if the suppliers have given their assurance that the curtains are washable.

A very small quantity of Amami Liquid Soapless Shampoo is sufficient to envelope your head in a billowy luxuriant lather. In a few minutes your hair is marvellously clean and you feel your scalp tingling healthily under the gentle stimulation which Amami Soapless Shampoo produces. Every speck of dandruff is removed. Ideal for all shades of hair.

AMAMI

Liquid

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

The full range of Amami Products is now available.

Sales Agents: Harold E. Ritchie Aust. Pty. Ltd. (Inc. in Vic.), Melbourne, C.1.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

THIS SORT of plump and often dimpled face needs careful hairdressing, or it looks "moonfaced" and fat instead of merely "well rounded." Wear it high at top.

Shape of your face should influence your hair-do

● Do they call you "moonface" behind your back? Don't give them the chance — change your hair-style!

By MARY ROSE

Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IF you have a rounded face, like the girl in the picture, make sure that your hair-style has a high puff of curls or roll on top of your head to give your face more length.

Take the hair away from your cheeks and keep the back as long as it can be and still obey the off-the-collar rule—that is, of course, if you are in the services.

The style illustrated above left is just a suggestion. And it's very sweet.

But if you have a long face you must avoid high top curls.

The best style is flattish curls on top or at the sides, a short turned-under page-boy at the back, and a gleaming smoothness everywhere. The back hair, it must be remembered, should not be dressed on a much shorter level than the chin.

ONE WAY of dressing the hair in order to make a long face seem shorter. Notice how sleek and smooth is this hair-do—how back finishes on a level with chin.

ITCHING SKIN GERMS KILLED IN 3 DAYS

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to kill and remove the true cause of most skin troubles. Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where invisible germs and parasites can hide, and which are the true cause of terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Ringworm, Acne, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other disfiguring blemishes.

Blemishes such as these make you look and feel diseased—you are embarrassed, unattractive and handicapped in life, both socially and in business. You can't get rid of these disfigurements with ordinary treatments, which give only temporary relief, because they do not kill the germs or parasites responsible for your trouble.

NEW DISCOVERY KILLS CAUSE

Former skin sufferers throughout the world are now praising Nixoderm, the discovery of a leading American skin specialist. This remarkable new preparation quickly penetrates into the pores of the skin, and kills the germs and parasites responsible for your trouble in 7 minutes, stopping the itch almost instantly. At the same time this wonderful preparation acts as a tonic and skin food, so that as the cause of your trouble is removed, your skin becomes soft, smooth, and clear. This clear, healthy complexion will give you new charm and make it easy to win friends.

PRAISED BY DOCTORS

Dr. T. A. Ellis, well-known physician, of Toronto, Canada, recently stated: "Skin disorders, caused by parasites, as many are, yield to Nixoderm. These parasites are invisible to the naked eye. They eat away the skin, forming ugly eruptions. Ordinary ointments or remedies fail completely or give only temporary results because they do not reach the cause of the condition. It is this value about Nixoderm in attacking parasites which impresses me most favorably, and explains in large measure the success it enjoys over many stubborn cases."

GUARANTEED RESULTS

Get Nixoderm to-day. Put it to the test. In a few minutes you will find that the itching has stopped, and in 24 hours you can see for yourself that your skin is cleaner. And it is guaranteed that, within one week Nixoderm must make your skin soft, clear, smooth, and attractive or money back on return of empty package. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you. So don't delay. Get Nixoderm to-day.

Nixoderm NOW 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

How to escape 'flu ★

1 Avoid as far as possible all places where 'flu germs are likely to be; crowded cars; public meeting places; warm, stuffy rooms.

2 Be careful of close contact with others; beware of all coughers and sneezers; breathe through the nose; avoid draughts and chills.

3 Get lots of rest. Eat plenty of oranges. Keep the bowels open.

4 Avoid catching colds. Any cold may be the forerunner of 'Flu. At the first sign of a cold, take genuine quick-acting Bayer's Aspirin and you can ward it off. If you develop a sore throat, gargle with Bayer's Aspirin dissolved in water. This will relieve soreness and rawness.

5 If you have any reason to suspect even a touch of 'flu, call your doctor.

Bayer's—the genuine Aspirin Tablets . . . quicker, surer, safer . . . have been made in Australia for 20 years. When you buy Bayer's, you can be certain that you buy the best.

★ *A prominent Doctor's prescription*

Bottle of 24, 1/3; Bottle of 100, 4/-

Make your money fight. Buy War Savings Bonds or Certificates.

2535

FALIERES'

PHOSPHATINE FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Obtain Samples from your Baby Health Centre, or post this announcement, together with your name and address, to Joubert & Joubert Pty. Ltd., Box 4038, Melb.

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Knitting Special

Tailored coat to wear with your slacks

YOU'LL have to part with six coupons in order to buy the wool for this smart, cosy coat.

But it's decidedly worth the investment if you are slacks-conscious, as so many are these days.

Of course, you can wear this woolly with a tailored skirt. It's trim, serviceable, sensible. Here are the directions for making:

Materials Required: 12oz. Paton's "Bluebell" crepe yarn, 9 buttons, 2 shoulder pads; small piece of material for lining; small quantity of colored wool for embroidering pocket; 1 pair No. 8 "Beehive" knitting needles and a crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 25½ins.; bust, 34ins.; waist, 24ins.; hips, 35ins; length of sleeve from under arm, 7½ins.

Tension: 6 sts. to the inch in width; 8 rows to the inch in depth. The garment is worked entirely in st.-st.

THE BACK

Cast on 96 sts. (knit into the back of all cast-on sts.). Commencing with a purl row, work in stocking-st. for 3ins. Then make hem as follows: With right side of work towards you, knit the sts. from cast-on edge to the sts. on needle. In every following 4th row k 2 tog. each end 6 times (84 sts.). Work 3 rows in stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 1. Work 3 rows in stocking-st.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 16, k 2 tog., k 10, k 2 tog., k 11, k 2 tog., k 11, k 2 tog., k 16, k 2 tog., k 1. Work 3 rows in stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 10, k 2 tog., k 10, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 1 (66 sts.). Work 11 rows in stocking-stitch.

Increase at beginning and end of next and every following 6th row until inc. to 92 sts. Work 1 row.

Shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. each of the next 4 rows, then k 2 tog. each end every alternate row 6 times (64 sts.). Continue in stocking-stitch until back measures 25½ins.

Shoulder Shaping—1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 8 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 15 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 22 sts., turn.

Knit to end of row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 36 sts. Work as given for back to hem. Now dec. at beginning of fourth and every following fourth row until 27 sts. remain. Work 11 rows in stocking-st. Increase at beginning of next and every following 6th row until 40 sts. are on needle.

Work 1 row.

Shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next row. Then k 2 tog. at armhole for 8 rows, then k 2 tog. every alternate row 6 times (22 sts.). Continue until work measures same as back. Shape for shoulder by purling to last 8 sts., turn. Knit back 3rd row. Purl to last 15 sts., turn. Knit back. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 72 sts. and work as for back to hem.

Purl 1 row.

In the next row cast on 10 sts. (These 10 sts. form the hem down the front.)

Purl 1 row.

At the end of the next and every following 4th row k 2 tog. until dec. to 73 sts.

Purl 1 row.

Make buttonholes in next two rows as follows: K 3, cast off 4, k 4. Cast off 4. Knit to end.

Next Row: P 57 sts., cast on 4, p 5, cast on 4 sts., p 3.

Work 8 rows in st.-st. Inc. at the end of the next and every following 6th row until inc. to 86 sts., also making buttonholes in every 15th and 16th rows.

When work measures same as back shape the armholes as given for the left front (68 sts.).

Work 14 rows.

Shape for the neck as follows: K 25 sts., cast off 15 sts., knit to end of row.

Continue to work on the last 28 sts. as follows:

Purl 1 row.

At beginning of next and following alternate rows k 2 tog. until 22 sts. remain. Work 7 rows in st.-st.

Shape for shoulder to correspond with the left front. Join wool at left neck edge and shape as given for right side (19 sts.). Work 7 rows, cast off.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 66 sts. Work 18 rows in st.-st., make hem as given for the back. Work 5 rows in st.-st. In the next and every following 6th row inc. at both ends until inc. to 80 sts. Work 1 row, k 2 tog. each end every alternate row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now work 12 rows on remaining 18 sts. Cast off.

FIRST POCKET (large)

Cast on 40 sts. Work 12 rows in st.-st.; make hem. Then continue in st.-st. until pocket measures 6 inches. Cast off.

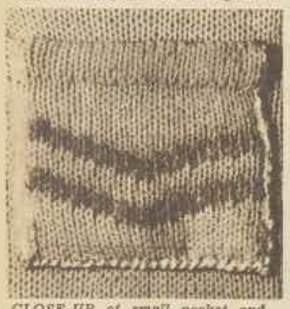
SECOND POCKET (small)

Cast on 26 sts. Work 12 rows in st.-st.; make hem. Then continue in st.-st. until pocket measures 4ins. Cast off. The pocket can be embroidered according to taste.

TO COMPLETE GARMENT

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron press carefully. Turn back the facing on the right front. Loosely oversew buttonholes. Face left front with lining about 2ins. wide. Line pockets and sew to right front. Sew the extension of sleeves to cast-off edges. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Attach shoulder pads. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Work 2 rows of d.c. around neck.



CLOSE-UP of small pocket and section of garment showing stitch and embroidered motif. Pocket, of course, can be embroidered according to taste.

THE ORIGINAL was knitted in white, but you can use your own judgment with regard to color: Navy, red, green, grey, airforce-blue, and brown are suggestions. It's up to you—and available wools!

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Taking no chances with baby

EVERY wise mother knows that her small child is not likely to go through life without, at times, experiencing shocks and accidents. And we know that if little ones are taught to **face up to danger** and to realise the existence of it much future trouble and unhappiness can be prevented.

From time to time, however, we read of tragic accidents that should not have occurred if reasonable precautions had been observed and no chances taken with baby's safety.

A leaflet dealing with this subject—how to safeguard baby, plus first-aid hints in minor accidents—has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free, if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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Positively Medieval

Continued from page 3

ADAM ignored that. He was investigating cautiously through the valve cover hole. "It's down an oil drain," he said finally, "and my hand's too big to get in there."

"Beastly!"

"It won't hurt you. The idea's to get your finger alongside and press hard enough to lift it out. But don't push! It mustn't go any farther down."

Gingerly Natalie did as she was told. Se could touch the slim steel pin, but it was slippery with black oil. She gritted her teeth, thinking what the grease would do to her nails. Each time the rough metal edge of the cylinder block rubbed the back of her hand. She said: "I'm scraping a lot of skin off. Couldn't I go into town and buy a new pin?"

"You don't grasp the idea. That pin loose in the oil system would play havoc. Try again."

"I tell you," she flared hotly, "every time I go by that corner it takes a piece out of me. Not that you care!"

Adam was shaking his head as if to clear it. "The old brain just doesn't seem able to tick," he said. "I ought to think of some other way."

"Think fast. It'll be down to the bone soon."

His face lightened then with the dawn of a Bright Idea that couldn't have been more unfortunate. "I've got it!" he beamed.

"It's more than I have."

"The trouble is you can't get any hold on it. But if you notched your fingernail, you could——"

"Notch my fingernail?"

Deliberately she withdrew her hand. She stood up in the narrow space between engine and hull.

She said, levelly, "I've slaved for you, Adam Barton! I've scrubbed and sanded and polished for you. I've scraped my hand to the bone for you. But I won't notch my fingernail for anybody!"

He looked down at her, frankly surprised. "Why?"

"Why?" She was practically screaming. She went on wildly, "Tina's right. You don't appreciate me. I'm just an old carthorse in this place. I'm leaving!" She hadn't expected to say that, but she was too wound-up to stop now. She went headlong on into it. "You can do it all yourself. I'm young. I'm going to that dance!" Once it was out, she was almost too shaken to look at Adam.

But he didn't do anything—except snap his jaw shut like a big fish.

"All right. I'm not stopping you."

She marched out, head high, hands trembling. She heard the clock's sharp ding-ding. Five o'clock.

Tina's dressing-room was an ecstasy in red and silver, and the heart-shaped modernistic mirror framed Natalie's golden head like a valentine. She was alone for the moment, having slipped in between dances to renew her make-up. She took time to stare at herself in delight. The lame was as lovely as Tina had predicted. She brought her hands up to see them in the mirror—lovely languid hands, bright red nails. Unnotched.

She smiled at her reflection, mellow with the memory of the last few hours. She'd been caught up again in the old life, and Adam seemed to recede. Adam and the yacht and Dreamy Days' valve pin.

She wondered, with an uneasiness that troubled her, if perhaps this wasn't the life she was made for. After all, there was such a thing as divorce.

Behind her the door opened and Tina hurried in. "I was looking for you." A frown ridged her smooth forehead. "I've got a man with three yachts for you to meet."

"All three of them?"

Tina's smile was wan. "I don't know what yard he's been going to before, but if Adam isn't here to impress him you might as well try. Men seem to expect us women to do all the work, anyway. I'm boiling!"

"Why?"

"Arthur. Another of those clients! Last week it was a horrible oil woman. Now a man whose sole use for a fork is spearing bread. A dinner party, if you please, for that! I refused."

"It would be tough for you," Natalie agreed with a disarming grin, "slaving over a hot stove all day." She was aware of a spurt of annoyance at this pettiness in Tina.

Tina leaned towards the mirror to dab at her make-up. "Come on, before this man goes home. He only arrived to-day, and claims he's got to get his sleep to go fishing to-morrow."

TINA took Natalie towards an elderly man. The man had keen eyes set deeply under white tufted brows. It was a quiet, forceful face, one that you could trust.

"Natalie, I want you to meet one of the nicest men in the place. This is my sister, Mr. Worthington."

Natalie felt her mouth drop. "Mr. — Worthington?" she asked.

Tina said, "Yes, darling," and faded away.

Natalie leaned on a white leather chair. "You don't own Dreamy Days, do you?"

The tufted brows made a swift angle of surprise. "Well, yes. You're familiar with the boat?"

"Oh, yes! I've been working on her for days."

The keen dark eyes swept from her curly fair head over the lame dress to the spike-heeled blue satin slippers. "Did you say you'd been working on my boat?"

She flushed. She hadn't realised how that would sound to him. Imbecilic, and here she was trying to make a good impression! She said quickly, "I thought you knew. I'm Mrs. Barton."

"Mrs. Barton?" Then his face relaxed. "Of course. The little lady who's going to spend the bonus. On clothes and such."

Natalie lifted her head. "Bonus?"

He nodded, chuckling. "My own idea. For four years I've come down and fumed and fussed a couple of weeks waiting for my boat. So I told your husband I'd give him a twenty pound bonus, and my other two boats for storage next year. If he'd have my boat ready on time. He said he would. The bonus would be for you and the new business for him. How about it? Do I go fishing on Dreamy Days tomorrow?"

Natalie had just breath enough to say, "Y-yes . . ." To her relief Mr. Worthington launched into a fishing story that needed no prompting.

Adam had been keeping this as a surprise for her. And he'd worked, day and night, against all sorts of bad luck, because he wanted her to have new clothes and some fun. And all she'd gone was get angry and fly off in a rage! What a half-wit she'd turned out to be!

Her one instinct now was to get back quickly and help him. Not because of the bonus. Leave money considerations for people like Tina. She had Adam.

Or did she?

The thought jolted her. Suppose Adam said she'd walked out on him and could stay out?

There was a light out there, on Dreamy Days. Adam was still at work. And it was nearly dawn!

She jumped out of the car, running across the grass, holding her long skirt up out of the dew. She stopped to kick off her high-heeled slippers as she got on deck.

Adam knelt there facing her, surrounded by bits and pieces.

She saw his head drop forward. He jerked it up, rubbing his eyes with the back of one grimy hand.

Natalie stepped silently into the cockpit. Her heart was hammering.

The boat had rocked with her weight, but Adam hadn't noticed. He took up a bolt and fumbled in the box of screws.

She said, "Not there, Adam. The bolts for those are all by themselves in the cigar-box."

He looked up, blinking against the light. "Have a good time?" he asked absently.

"Yes—and no. I—notched my nail." She held it out to show him a neat gouge in the red enamel.

He shook his head. "All fixed. Used a pipe-cleaner and rubber cement. Too stupid to think of it sooner."

"Oh!" She tried not to feel disappointed. Nothing mattered really except that Adam had let her come home again. If she were Adam she'd drop the whole thing right here, forget it, but womanlike she couldn't quite leave it at that. "Adam," she said timidly, not looking at him, "I've found out I'm the old-fashioned type."

"Old-fashioned?" His voice sounded funny.

She nodded slowly. "Positively medieval," she admitted. She glanced round then to see how he was taking it. He wasn't. His head had sunk back against the locker. He was falling asleep.

She smiled a tender little smile. Then she knelt and began expertly sorting the screws.

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